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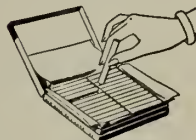
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The Archaic Greek Apollo in the Metropolitan

BY J. M. BLUM, P. A. '39

THE finest example of Greek sculpture in America is considered to be the archaic Greek Apollo in the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum in New York. There is a decided scarcity of all Greek original sculpture, and there is even a greater scarcity of archaic Greek originals. For this reason the Metropolitan's Apollo assumes tremendous importance. Moreover, the statue is only very slightly damaged and is an exquisite example of ancient workmanship.

The archaic Greek Apollo stands on a large base. It is made of very heavy gray marble and is a very solid structure. The left leg is placed forward, but the weight of the statue is distributed evenly. Because of its stocky appearance, the statue seems short, but in reality is over six feet high. The arms hang down at the sides, fists clenched. The head looks straight out across the hall with the chin raised defiantly. A small beard and head-dress adorn the head.

As one looks at the statue, he can not help feeling that it would fit well in the tomb of Per-neb across the hall. In many ways Apollo shows Egyptian influences and resembles the great sun-god of Egypt, Re. The position of the legs of Apollo is a direct copy from the Egyptian. The quadrangular shape of the stomach is just one step forward from the absolute plane of the Egyptian art. On the whole, Apollo would be almost entirely Egyptian if the slight chest and stomach muscles were removed. The Egyptian sculptured in mass. His finished product was almost a solid, with very little tapering in the body. The Greeks preserved this principle to a great degree in Apollo, but they deviated slightly. The accentuated bicep in the right arm presents, on the whole, the greatest dif-

ference. However, the Greek has discontinued the Egyptian practice of leaving stone between the legs and between the arms and body for the purpose of support. He has left Apollo free on his own feet, and the result is reconstruction throughout the legs of the statue, soon to give way because of the great weight of the torso. The features of Apollo, however, are distinctly Egyptian. The later Greek-Roman nose and cheeks are nowhere to be seen. Indeed, the very beard and head-dress of the statue seem to be a copy of the beard and head-dress of the sphinx of Per-neb at the other end of the museum. Apollo might well be named Re, since he needs only the disk representing the sun's orbit on his head to become a facial replica of the Egyptian deity.

In history books and magazines we see very many photographs of so-called Greek Apollos. These are usually not really Greek but in reality Roman copies of Greek originals. The Roman copy strays far from the grace and beauty of the archaic Greek. Surplus details of which the Romans were so fond take away from the unity and solidity of the statue. If one were to place the Roman Apollo next to the archaic Greek he would be struck at once by the apparent ephemeral quality of the Roman. The strong grace and solidity of the Greek carries durability and permanence. The superfluous extravagant detail of the Roman is fragile and temporary. Moreover, as one looks at the two standing together, he begins to grow tired of the Roman. His eyes are made restless by the lack of symmetry and design. On the other hand, the more he looks at the Greek, the better he likes it. The Greek statue seems to radiate security and strength, the Roman to ooze frivolity and weakness.

At right angles to the corridor which is the home

of the Greek Apollo, is a hall that contains modern sculpture. What would the artist and genius who created Apollo think of "The Spirit of California"? I believe that he would consider it the work of a child, that he would scoff at the unimportant detail, the over-stylized features. "The Spirit of California" is an imitation of the Roman, which is an imitation of the late Greek, which is an imitation of the early Greek, which itself sprang from the Egyptian. Certainly the imitation of an imitation of an imitation looks meagre when compared to the great works of the ages. Yes, I am sure the man who sculptured Apollo would have no use for "The Spirit of California."

Within twenty feet of "The Spirit of California," on the other side of the stairway, is the "Head of a Doughboy," which is also a modern creation. The strong features of Apollo, his Egyptian chin and forehead, his beautiful nose and cheeks would find a worthy competitor here. The sad and dirty, yet wholesome and hopeful face of the American soldier, done in bronze rather than marble, would gladden the heart of an ancient Greek artist and free him from any supposition that all modern sculpture is poor.

Excellent as the "Head of a Doughboy" is, Apollo's head is better. Moreover, the doughboy is bodyless. Apollo has the body of a god. Indeed, after spending five or six hours with this archaic Greek Apollo, one sees the great Egyptian deity, Re, and the dashing Greek sun-god, Phoebus Apollo, personified as one. The statue seems to live and express the long vanished glory of two magnificent civilizations. For that expression, for its own integral beauty, and for its appearance of security and permanence, I admire the archaic Greek Apollo at the Metropolitan more than any other statue of any size.



Murphy Comes on Time

By O. M. BARRES, P. A. '39

SANDY was the seventh recruit the mob had sent to Butcher Floyd's hideout since he had crossed the border barely a week previous. The Butcher didn't mind breaking in these novices if they had a good recommendation from the gang back in the States. Besides, things were kind of quiet at his secluded cabin hideout.

Sandy had just arrived and the big boss was talking to him in his private office. "Have I ever got that laugh on that cop Murphy," the Butcher was boasting. "That crazy federal dick gets a warrant for my arrest, so I beats it across the border so's he can't get me. A good time to take me yearly Canadian vacation, eh, Sandy?"

The Butcher noted Sandy's short, squat bulk and flaming head of hair. He never liked red-heads, somehow, but the twinkle in the short man's eyes, together with the disarming smile that spread from ear to ear of his jovial face, compensated for that red thatch.

"Yes siree, you certainly fooled that stupid dick," drawled Sandy, grinning up at the boss's six feet of conceited sinew and bone. "Fast thinkin' always fools them dumb bulls. When the guys in the States sent me up here they told me to watch Murphy for a few days before I came here. He's been hanging out at a lunch-wagon just across the border. Must 've heard you were up around here some place. He always eats there at Joe's Place every night at seven, and he's been saying how he's gonna chuckle when he gets you."

"Been saying how he's gonna get me, eh; that little runt! I ought to go over there and take that warrant away from the guy and beat him up personally, while I'm about the job. Say, would that ever be some headline joke?" laughed the Butcher. "As a matter of fact the more I think of the idea the more I like it. Come on, Sandy, we're gonna see our friend Murphy at seven tonight."

"Swell, boss! That dangerous stuff is my meat!"

agreed Sandy. "I guess I had the wrong slant on you at first; you sure got nerve."

With the red-headed man at the controls of Butcher's powerful car, they were across the border and at Joe's Place by 6:45.

"Well, here we are, Floyd," said Sandy, as he applied the brakes in front of a dimly lighted lunch wagon. "If Murphy ain't inside already, he'll be there soon. He's always there by seven.

They found no one but Joe, the owner, in the lunch wagon. After ordering something to eat the two men sat down on the split wooden stools. On the wall a wooden clock ticked noisily.

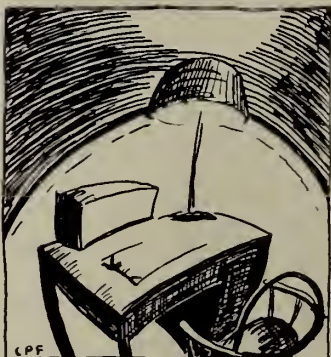
As the Butcher stuffed the last hamburg down over his heavy gullet, the broken-down timepiece clanged a weak seven.

"Say, I thought you said Murphy was always here by seven," snapped the gangster a bit nervously. "Well, why ain't he here?"

In the fading light of day the short man looked up at the gangster's face. His skin was drawn tightly over his egotistically protruding features, while his eyes were set back far into his head, as if to protect them from the other parts of his evil face.

"Well, why ain't he here?" came the excited demand once more.

"He is," triumphantly chuckled the short man, as he whipped out his federal revolver and handcuffs. "You're under arrest, Butcher Floyd."



Ne Desperemus

By D. M. MARSHMAN, P. A. '41

He looks so damned appellative
While calling clauses relative.

No student knows his purpose;
The result is just the same.

For if you do not know the stuff,
Your face will always show enough.

For soon you'll hear his strident voice
Resounding with your name.

He stands there with vivacity,
A certain perspicacity.

His glaring eyes go through you
Like a pointed, edged knife.

You say the word's accusative.
His manner seems amusive.

When he marks you zero,
Lads, you lead an empty life.

And so, a frown o'ercasts him now.
It shadows his Olympian brow.

He looks at you so fiercely
That his manner's almost crass.

"Not for my dearest brother, boys,
Not for my old grandmother, boys,
Would I let a translation
That's as bad as that is pass!"



THE WOMAN IN GREEN VELVET

By Abbott H. Thayer

From Addison Gallery of American Art

All God's Own

By E. GREER HARDWICKE, P. A. '39

MANUEL sat and looked at the sea, then down at his rough, bare feet. At his age he thought it was time to get shoes. Ideas and thoughts streamed through his mind in an unconnected, lazy way. The little Mexican was sitting on a brace that held the sand from sifting back into the Match Channel. He was only about two feet from the slopping waves of Aransas Bay. It was early in the morning, at a time when there is no visible sun and no real darkness, only the strange combination of the two, emphasized by the waking birds, the crabs scuttling back to the water across a smooth beach, and the eerie half formed clouds. Each sound reverberated like the first sound made by man. The clamor and noise of the civilized world had not yet started. Mañuel was a small and rather wistful Mexican boy of some eleven years. He was dirty and smelly and his blue shirt and overalls were patched so much that hardly any of the original cloth was left. His "sombbrero," far too large for him, hung down around his ears, the loose ends of straw sticking out from all angles, drooping and limp from long handling and usage. He had a soft brown face typically Mexican in its smoothness and consistency. His sparkling eyes moved quickly from one spot to another; intelligent, keen, and comprehending. He did not have a downtrodden look. He seemed quite happy and busy with his day-dreaming. A shrill and unsteady whistle came from under the sagging hat. It was *Rancho Grande*, in an abbreviated, and much improvised form, but rendered with much more gusto than any troupe of *vaqueros* ever sang it. Mañuel was thinking and planning.

In the nearby shrimp cannery, where Mañuel would have to go to work soon, Mexicans had begun to arrive with their whole families to begin the day's work. They would work until six o'clock for about three cents an hour, cracking and skinning

shrimp in the close and horribly smelly room over the water. These people were only existing now. The old men were seemingly without thought or feeling, moved only by two desires: to eat and to reproduce. To eat, it was necessary to work in these shrimp canneries. By reproducing, the eating problem grew worse and the unfortunate children were put to work in these same canneries. Mañuel had escaped this early torture. His father had been a handy man on a yacht and had kept his son from the shrimp canneries. When he died from injuries received in extinguishing a fire, Mañuel was left with his slatternly sister. At night she wandered about the streets of the Mexican section trying to earn enough money to keep them alive. Mañuel well remembered lying awake on his lumpy bed, staring at the black ceiling. He could still see his sister staggering into the house with a drunken man on her arm; he could still hear their raucous laughter. The memory of his father would then come to him, and with his head under the shabby pillow, to shut out the unnatural sounds from the next room, he would quietly and spasmodically weep. His every waking thought, since he had been placed at work by his sister, was pertinent to getting away from the overbearing slavery of the cannery, and the disgusting atmosphere of his home.

Mañuel's one hope was to find a job on one of the many boats that were to be found around Aransas Bay. It was about this he was thinking and planning. Near where the boy was squatting, a beautiful cruiser lay at anchor riding the swells majestically. Mañuel was determined to get into that boat and see what it was like. No one was around except the Mexicans. He wasn't going to harm anything by just looking into the boat's fabulous interior. He jumped up from his plank and scampered, as only a small Mexican boy can

scamper, to the boat. His hat flew off and trailed behind him, hanging down to his knees, held by the ever present cord that dangles from these *sombreros*. His matted hair uncoiled like shavings down about his face and neck. He walked cautiously down the plank upon reaching the ship's side and was swallowed in the cabin, entering it like a mouse goes in its hole.

Inside he found almost a fairyland. All was clean and shiny. The chairs fascinated him. He bounded in them and chortled from the feeling of solid comfort he had never before experienced. He touched the silver cups and looked through expensive magazines on the tables. This was not what he wanted to see, however; he followed the corridor until he found the engine room. Starting down the steps, he was suddenly stopped and paralyzed by a childish, "Oh!" A small black head came out from behind one of the huge engines. It was that of a beautifully dressed and groomed child about twelve. She was exquisite, with dark eyes, hair as black as coal and a rosy complexion. "Who are you? What do you want?" she asked in a shaking voice trying to be authoritative, her small hands folded across her stomach, her head cocked ever so slightly on one side in an inquisitive pose that reminds one of a small cocker spaniel.

"I am Mañuel. I am sorry, but I came to see your boat and mean not anything," answered Mañuel, bracing himself on the iron rung bannister, surprised and humiliated. They looked in each other's eyes and with frank childish stares looked each other up and down, Mañuel amazed at her freshness and beauty, the girl incredible at his ragged and filthy clothes. The small child then spoke in a little surer way, her sentences seeming to tumble out aimlessly, her eyes still fastened on the shrinking Mexican boy.

"You look awfully dirty, but I will be if I play down here much longer. Dad'll be kinda mad if he finds you here. I don't mind at all, but you are dirty." The child said this, while slowly approaching the boy until she stood directly in front of him.

Mañuel said nothing, but felt ashamed. Finally,

as he was about to run back down the corridor, she put her white hand on his. He gripped the bannister for dear life.

"Never mind, I like you. Come on, I'll show you the boat," said the girl, nodding her black locks approvingly. Mañuel had never felt this way before. The little cool hand on his grimy, smelly paw thrilled him. The confident air of the girl amazed him; he was absolutely mystified and submissive. She took him by the hand and led him toward the engines.

"Courtney," came a soft voice, "Courtney." It grew nearer. Then: "My gad, what is that! Oh gad, Harry, please! The tall woman's screams froze Mañuel and the girl in their places, hand in hand. Men in white came running down the corridor. "Oh gad, Harry, he's hurting Courtney." The men jerked Mañuel from the floor, pushed him, buffeted him, cursed him. Up through the corridor they carried him, past the fainting woman, and positively threw him over the side of the boat. Mañuel's leg hit a pole and became numb. He fought for his breath, his hat catching water and drawing the cord about his throat. He heard, as he struggled in the water, the cries of the men—"Damn Mexican—keep 'em away from this boat—how'd he get on—I told you, Strong, to watch them—Damn you, clear out!" As Mañuel's friends came to help him they, too, were showered with oaths which they submissively received. While mechanically walking back to their cannery, some stared at the white boat against the new black green sky, knowing nothing, fearing these white people, and bemoaning Mañuel's luck. Mañuel woke up in the arms of a heavy-bosomed woman. The smell of shrimp was about him, and instead of the delicate white hand on his, he found a dirty brown one swabbing the wound on his leg with a filthy bandana.

The men on the boat had run back into the saloon to attend to the prostrate woman. They patted her hands, sympathized with her, and bumped into each other in their haste to revive her. She came around with the typical moan and stared blankly about her.

With a cry she jumped up and screamed, "Where is Courtney!"

"Right here, Martha darling, now relax. You are all right. The little beast is off the boat. Courtney is all right."

"Thank God," the woman uttered. Her eyebrows fluttered and she placed her hand on her flat chest. Her husband put his arms around her and with his fat hands patted her back, and cooed to her while she moaned. The sailors gave each other darting looks of disgust and clumsily disappeared from the room.

Courtney came to her mother's side to find out what was wrong and was almost choked by the bear hug she received from her. "My baby, are you frightened? My poor child, tell me all about it."

Courtney looked at her father and nurse wide eyed, searching for an explanation for all this weeping and petting. "Mamma, he didn't hurt me. He was nice and really not too dirty. Mamma, what did they do. He was nice. I'm not hurt, Mamma."

Her mother kneeled down and grasped Courtney about the shoulders, looking straight into her puzzled, and now frightened, face. "Darling, try and forget this. That boy is almost an animal. He's not like us and our friends. He wasn't nice, he was—Oh Courtney, don't you see he was so different. Nothing—nothing, I tell you, could bring us down to his level." Courtney pulled away from her mother and ran to the deck of the boat as "Cast off" was heard. She saw through her wet eyes that they were leaving the small man-made harbor.

The cruiser rode out through the channel in grand style and headed toward the black, smoky cloud and breaking white caps. My, how her daddy loved to fish, she thought. She looked astern and saw the glum Mexican faces watching their departure, from the broken down pier of the cannery.

The next morning there was no more Yacht Channel, no cannery, no real Bay. The fury of the hurricane had almost moved Laguna Madre island off the face of the earth. There was debris everywhere,—houses, boats, cars, trees, and all the other things that are so taken for granted in civilized life and seem so stable,—wrecked, ruined, and obliterated. The scrub squat oaks of the coastal plain had been bent toward the inland, and in their branches all types of rubbish could be found. The sky was amazingly blue and tranquil. It looked like a temperamental child, smiling sweetly down on some wrecked toy. Searchers crawled about the wrecked land looking for God knows what.

A group of these searchers came upon a once proud boat, now a battered mass of green and white timber, interstrewn with the gnarled scrub oak. They pried into the interior and brought out the limp, clammy body of a small black-haired girl,—Courtney. They placed it in the stretcher with another small body they had found a few yards back. It was the boy, Mañuel. The girl's body sprawled awkwardly in the stretcher. Her plump arm fell across Mañuel's motionless chest. The breeze was blowing softly from the sea and it passed slowly through the sifting sand and fallen trees.

Simplicity

BY O. M. BARRES, P. A. '39

In all things great I see
A common wealth—Simplicity;
And so I firmly rest,
The simple things in life are best.

On Writing a Theme

BY DAVID W. THURSTON, P. A. '40

WHAT is more habitual than putting off the writing of a theme until the last minute? In any other subject this would be known as cramming, but in English it is simply the vogue. As far as I am concerned, however, my greatest trouble is to find myself in a literary mood. When I think that I can survive the ordeal of a theme-writing siege, I climb aboard my desk chair with high hopes in one hand, doubts in the other, and a pencil in my mouth. Thus begins the epoch of human misunderstanding between the instructor and me. After taking the pencil in my hand, having previously replaced it with a wad of chewing gum, I doodle upon the monograms of my scratch paper. Monogrammed scratch paper sounds high class, but then, everything I use is high class. Why even the book I copy my themes from is . . . er, . . . er, we won't go into that! But the scratch paper is monogrammed—"Williams—1912"—for my father was Secretary of his class.

At last I am set. I have thought of the title—

"Treasure Island." The fellow who rooms across the hall says that it sounds like a rather familiar title. Strange, isn't it, how my title gets around the campus when I haven't even written the theme!

As is the custom, the first paragraph "has me up a tree." I appeal to my roommate's sympathy and his remarkable suggestion is just what I need. Fortunately I didn't room alone this year, isn't it? So with the avidity and zeal of a child at Christmas, I rush into my new-born theme. Alas, I rush too forcefully, for with a resounding crash—my pencil breaks. Sharpened—crash! Sharpened, at last I am again on my way to the golden road to something or other.

At this point nine o'clock passes unnoticed. Next ten o'clock . . . then eleven . . . and soon midnight.

Around that early hour of the new morning a ghost-like figure quietly drops his pen, and silently and robot-like goes to bed.

The theme is finished.



Yacht Racing

ANONYMOUS

THE Yacht Club's rocking chair fleet lined the pier's railing. The old salts had unconsciously been drawn away from their favorite haunt, the porch, down to the waterfront by one of the most spectacular finishes seen that season. Excited and incoherent remarks poured from every mouth as the two leading yachts on the bright bay outside neared the finish. The old skippers were confidently offering all sorts of advice, none of which was valuable nor possibly audible to the racing yachts a quarter-mile offshore. The finish gun shot out its white puff of smoke and it was all over. Richard Miller's tall blue sloop under charter to another skipper had won the race and the championship.

Bearded Captain Pierce returned to his rocker and leaned comfortably back. He lit his beloved pipe and then began to spin one of his famous yarns.

"Bill Benson was a tall, thin young chap, a very likable fellow. Made a few dollars one winter and thought he'd like to take a part of the summer off, his first vacation in two years. He was down here the first of June, looking over the fleet in the shipyard across the harbor there. It looked as though his little money wasn't going to buy him much of a boat.

"He was just about to give up his useless search in discouragement, when he spied, over in a dark corner of the shed, the 'Riptide,' which had piled up on the rocks during the storm the fall before. Well, he bought her on the spot. From then until the racing season opened he spent every day at the yard, putting in new planks, splicing broken ribs, smoothing down the dented keel and roughened hull, and repainting. The 'Riptide' was Bill's pride and joy when she slid off the ways, after a month of work. She was none too sound, but a good boat for her money.

"It was kind of discouraging to watch Bill rac-

ing that season. He was a darn good sailor, but his boat had been too battered in the storm to win races from Dick Miller's brand new 'Indra.' He'd never admit his boat wasn't the best in the fleet, though. It came around to Regatta time, and Bill worked harder than ever on the boat. He washed and stretched his sails, tuned up the rigging, and sponged the slime off the bottom. At night he'd plunge deep into books on racing tactics, tide tables and charts. You see, he was a clever sailor, and Jack Brewster had promised him he could sail his boat while he was away next year, if he won the Championship Regatta in the 'Riptide.' Bill wasn't too optimistic about his chances of winning, but he was sure going to do his darndest.

"Regatta day came, bringing a stiff, clear southeaster, just what Bill wanted. He sailed out to the line early, carefully laid out his course, and checked over every minute detail on his boat. It was worth it. He hit the line at the crack of the starting gun, with the whole fleet of twenty-five to leeward and behind him. Bill was feeling pretty swell at the end of that leg of the course; he'd skillfully worked out a lead of almost a minute. Rounding the bell buoy he trimmed sheets for the long beat to windward. Poor Bill! The 'Riptide' would never go on the wind, and the whole fleet caught up to him in a few minutes. He wasn't giving up yet, though, not by any means. He knew what he was doing, and by playing a certain trick tide streak that he'd noticed out sailing once, he repassed the leaders on a long offshore tack, and had a margin of almost three minutes at the windward mark. As he bore off he broke out his huge parachute spinnaker, and started a fast downwind leg, riding the backs of the large seas.

"Dick Miller's 'Indra' was drawing nearer, still beating upwind. She was heeled far over, showing her clean white bottom, beautifully contrasted

(Continued on Page 30)



BAY BRIDGE
By P. Joralemon, P. A. '39

Every Cloud

BY PETER S. JENNISON, P. A. '40

JED MARTIN brought the mail bag from the depot about ten o'clock, and he found most of the adult population of Masefield Springs eagerly awaiting him. Ira Steele, the general storekeeper and postmaster, relieved him of his burden and took it behind the railing to sort. When he had finished distributing what little in the way of correspondence there was, Ira sat down, adjusted his spectacles, and opened an official-looking letter from Washington. He almost dreaded opening it, for he expected that almost any day he might be told that his services as postmaster were no longer required, for he had, without the least bit of compunction, voted the straight Republican ticket the year before, and he knew that Jeff Miner wanted his job at any cost. Inside, however, he found no such direful tidings, but a poster offering \$5000 reward for the capture, dead or alive, of "Baby Face Rosetti," Public Enemy Number 1, who had been last seen heading toward the Canadian border.

"Humph," snorted Ira, "fat chance I'll have t' see that money."

Nevertheless, he tacked the bill up on the wall outside and thought nothing more of it, until Sheriff Hicks, sitting next to the cracker barrel, remarked:

"Heh, Iree—ya don't 'spect that there fella'll be comin' 'round here now, do ya?"

"You wouldn't see'm if'n he did, sheriff," retorted Ira, tartly. "You'd be a-settin' there eatin' my crackers."

Ira Steele, despite his age, was a sturdy, silver-haired Yankee, with clear blue eyes and a sharpness of wit which was not to be surpassed. The townspeople had grown to depend upon him for advice on everything from mortgages and loans to how much a five months old baby should weigh.

He was always ready with an answer, and his never-failing sense of humor and open-heartedness had won him a high place in the estimation of the neighboring farmers as well as the villagers.

With only about four hundred people in Masefield Springs, Ira had discovered in his early days of storekeeping that he could not support himself solely on the income derived from the store, and consequently, he took a correspondence course and opened up an undertaking establishment. These two business ventures of his being the only ones for a considerable distance, it came to be a common saying that Ira Steele got you dead or alive. The only difficulty presented in regard to the latter occupation was Ira's lack of a real hearse. There were few funerals, but when he was so obliged, Ira used a rattling, high-topped baker's wagon drawn by a tired white horse. This equipage, he had determined, was not suitable for the present trend of civilization, so for several years he had been carefully putting away a little money whenever the opportunity presented itself, but still his little hoard totaled only a thousand dollars. He worried about this, for he felt that at the rate he was going, he would need the services of the very thing he desired to purchase before he had the necessary means of obtaining it.

At twelve o'clock he politely, but firmly, ejected the sheriff and went to his comfortable white house on the common for dinner. His housekeeper, an aged spinster of dictatorial mien, took good care of him—almost too good care, Ira was inclined to think at times. He had never married, but there were stories of a long-ago romance with a fair village girl who had run off with a dashing youth from the city.

When he got back to the store, the only person in sight was Sheriff Hicks, dozing peacefully in

the sun on the front steps. Ira protested that any customers would be unable to get in, so the ponderous officer of the law moved into the back room for his midday nap. Ira gathered up the morning paper and sat down in his rocking chair. It was warm, and soon he began to feel very drowsy himself. The air was still, save for the persistent hum of an inquisitive fly, and Ira was just dropping off to sleep when he was aroused suddenly by the screech of an automobile pulling up in front of the store. Two men were in the car, and one of them came up the steps and inside. The man's face was familiar, but Ira couldn't for the moment think where he had seen it before. Before he had a chance to say anything, something hard was pressed against his chest and he was commanded to open the cash register.



Ira didn't remember until the big car had roared off who the man was. It was too hard a blow to see his savings, so painfully scraped together, vanish down the road in a cloud of dust, and for once in his life, Ira felt quite helpless. Now even his calm nature and resourcefulness, which had helped so many others in times of trouble, failed him completely. He sank into a chair in a daze.

A little while later a steaming flivver rattled up, and an excited farmer yelled:

"Git yore dead wagon, Iree; a big car jist went off th' road into th' crick! There's a-goin' t' be a sight o' undertakin' fer you t' do!"

Ira knew that it could mean only one thing; he rose from his chair and tiptoed quietly out, so that he might not wake the sheriff.

Prairie Interlude

By O. M. BARRES, P. A. '39

The moon stands naked in the sky,
The angel of burlesque;
The winds race panting o'er the sands
With phantoms arabesque;
The coyote moans his plaintive cry.

Saguaroos struggling with the night,
Their fighting arms on high,
Look out like some great patriarch
At last about to die.

An unexpected blazing glance
Saves them from the night;
The desert dog has lost his howl,
The patriarch his fright.

A leaping flame now sears the rim
To burn this lonesome land
Of cacti and of sentiments,
While stretching on the sand
Lies the prairie, hot and grim.

Jed

BY WILLIAM P. ARNOLD, JR., P. A. '40

AS the first faint streaks of dawn were graying the morning skies, Jed Mowbry, yawning and groggy from slumber, trudged along the silent wharves musing to himself. That was one of his favorite pastimes, musing. You see, he was a lobster fisherman. Oh, he wasn't very old—about sixteen or seventeen or so—but he had been fishing for lobsters for years. Every morning he got up at five and made the rounds of his pots, so until noon he didn't have much else to do each day but muse. As a consequence he became a self-centered person, living in a world of his own, set apart from other beings. To Jed's mind there was only one world, and he was the only person in it. Nobody took any interest in him, and consequently he gave neither a thought nor a care to anyone else. It was a strange philosophy, but Jed was satisfied with it, and that's all that counted.

Blinking sleep from his eyes, Jed shuffled along past dock after dock and finally stopped at a certain one. He walked out on it a little way and then groped around as if searching for something. With a grunt he suddenly straightened and began to haul in a line. Soon a lapping of water was heard, and through the gloom a small outboard "putter" glided up to the dock. Jed slowly lowered himself into it and cast off the line. He pushed off and after several twists started the motor. Slowly he picked his way among the many craft moored near the dock, the prow of his boat slicing through the wreaths of mist rising from the water, till he slid through the oily swell into the openness of the harbor.

His first pots lay several miles down the harbor, off the end of some old deserted wharves, formerly used for the unloading of cargoes of fish from the Grand Banks, but recently supplanted by larger, newer docks nearer the city. It was among the piles of these old structures that he had trapped

many a fat little lobster. The sharp staccato of his putter as he gunned it up re-echoed among the tomb-like quays on either side, sending a warm feeling of satisfaction over Jed. Out here in the harbor he was alone—and happy. There was no one to bother him, none of the struggle and strife and discord of life—no people. No people—and Jed had learned through sad experience that where there were people, dwelt also trouble. They called him queer, some of them. Well, maybe he was queer if he didn't like their way of life—grasping, selfish, trampling everyone in the mad scramble for the top. Money, that's all they thought of—all anybody thought of, except Jed. Well, he would let them have their world, their gold, their mansions. Just give him his world—in the middle of the harbor in early morning—where there was something no place in their world could boast, tranquillity and peace.

Jed stopped his reflections and turned his thoughts towards the prospects of the day's catch. "Ought to be pretty good," he considered. "Had a full moon last night. But then the tide was wrong last night. Might have dragged 'em all out to sea. Maybe it didn't. Oh, well, I hope it didn't." From then on he sat still, listening to the put-put of the motor.

Finally the bulk of the old wharves loomed up ahead of him, and he slowed down as he spied the first of his buoys. Slowly he pulled in line until the trap broke the surface. With a grimace of delight he reached in and skillfully removed three good-sized young lobsters, letting the trap fall once more into the water after having baited it up. Meantime the outgoing tide had carried him almost underneath the old pilings of the docks, and he was just about to start the motor when he heard voices above him. Two men strode into view on the plank-

ing, one of them gesticulating vigorously. Heated words passed between them, and Jed out of idle curiosity made fast to a pile and watched. The argument waxed more and more violent till finally one of the men raised his fist to strike the other. The second man reached for his pocket and pulled forth a bulky object. With an oath he shook off the force of the first man's punch and swung the heavy object down upon his assailant's head. There was a sickening crunch, and the first man collapsed without a sound.

Jed had been watching all this in silent amazement, and now he observed the second man moving around above him. With swift actions the victor rolled a large rock to where the fallen body lay, and tied a length of rope from the stone around the legs of the prostrate figure. Then he rolled both to the edge of the planking and with a muttered curse shoved them off. The body plunged into the murk and splashed hollowly into the rip below, so close to Jed that he was drenched by the spray. The figure on the dock turned and walked swiftly away, while Jed cast off, and as the flaming rays of the sun began to appear above the horizon, streaking the sky with a mass of color and awakening the city again to its hustle of daily life, he started his motor and continued his route around the harbor.



A DREAM COME TRUE

Twelve Years Later

BY J. WALTER SULLIVAN, P. A. '39

THEY would go on a picnic up by Stillwell Brook, where they used to go so often when he was a boy. Mother would be there with that merry twinkle in her eyes which he would always remember. And Dad would be there, too, his face beaming with happiness at having his only son back home. They were such swell parents! The three of them would have a wonderful time—just like the wonderful times they used to have before he left home twelve years before, a young man just out of high school on his way to the big city to make good. As a matter of fact, he had done rather well, now that he looked back over those years. How Mother and Dad would rejoice over his achievements.

Silly, isn't it, the way a tear comes to one's eye so quickly when he thinks of home. He must be careful not to let people see him—a grown man weeping alone on a seat in a train. The train must be rather close to the station now. They had just passed over the Norton Bridge. Yes, there was the steeple of the little church that the people in Pinehurst were so foolishly proud of. How many socials he had attended in that little building! Funny, isn't it, the number of incidents one thought or place can recall. There was the time he shot a hole in the gas pipe in the cellar. What a foolish kid he had been! His father wouldn't have minded a little thing like that, caused by innocent target shooting in the cellar. So he had plugged a piece of wet clay in the little hole, not daring to mention it to his parents. Boys are silly creatures anyway. It had happened just before he left home.

How queer those people were in the seat behind him. Morbid creatures, weren't they? Scanning the tabloids and speaking in low, awed whispers about every new murder or theft they came upon, as they avidly scanned the paper for news of some new misdeed of some unfortunate wretch. What was that the man was saying?

(Continued on Page 30)

Sketch of a Wandering Cowhand

O. M. BARRES, JR., P. A. '39

AS Sam Judson jogged along the narrow trail that winds above the valley of Sabino Canyon, a cool spring breeze was swaying the slender ocatilloes. He was singing a lusty song, for there wasn't anyone in the canyon to hear him. "And why shouldn't I be happy?" Sam was saying to himself. "I just got a new job with that Flying V outfit that pays fifty a month. I reckon I'm just downright lucky. What do you think, Choto?" Jud's sorrel cowpony pricked up his ears, because he wasn't in the habit of answering his rider's questions. Sam knew Choto was familiar with the trail, and so he dropped the reins on the saddle-horn and pulled out a package of "cigarettoes." How the boys at that last ranch could enjoy those American smokes he couldn't see. "They're for kids who's just startin'," he'd tell them. "A man has gotta have good strong, black, Mexican tobacco." The smoke glided over his weather-beaten, leathery face and off into the Arizona sunshine. His hat was tilted back, revealing a shocky head of disheveled hair. Sam Judson hadn't had a haircut since two jobs back at Douglass, so he was riding in to Tucson to get one and to see Molly. He usually figured a haircut a job, but he kind of slipped up at the last job. He was an easy-going fellow who was everybody's friend. To tell the honest truth, he was easy-going to such an extent that he couldn't hold a job over a few weeks. Since he liked to be on the trail with Choto and take life easy when he had salted away enough for a few weeks, this didn't bother him especially. Judson didn't carry any six-shooter on his hip as the movie cowboys did. He never had use for one and he reckoned it wasn't any use getting on bad terms with the law by toting a gun. "Hope we can stick with that next job for a month and get that fifty," Sam was telling his best pal Choto. "I reckon when they gets tired of

us we'll be headin' north, son. Some of those ranches will be needin' hands for the spring round-up." The Arizona sun was setting as Sam came around the bend at the lower end of Sabino Canyon. Saguaroes and ocatilloes watched him ride over the foothills and on, a silhouette against the red Arizona sunset.

Sunset Days

BY O. M. BARRES, P. A. '39

Passion rises in the lonesome cowhand's breast
When he sees the sun a-sinkin' in the West,
Firing with flaming torch the twilight's haze,
Setting solitary shadowed hills ablaze.

Sometimes he gets mighty lonely and depressed
When he sees the sun a-sinkin' in the West,
Just a sort o' blue and melancholy mood
That always comes with western sunset's solitude.

Yet the cowhand feels that he is happiest
When he sees the sun a-sinkin' in the West,
And he knows no matter when or where he strays
He'll never lose the glory of his sunset days.



Boom Days

BY J. D. LIVINGSTON, P. A. '39

IN shipyards all across the country, with the first promise of summer, tremendous activity breaks forth around the innumerable small boats with which the waterways of our nation are infested. The owners of these little horrors deem it a point of pride, evidently, to be the first of their group afloat for the season—and yet not one of them would entertain for a second any thought of skimping in his preparations. The result is a feverish, mad haste, before which old seamen quail and give way, and young children run in fear. For the average skipper, when the club's newest member is a day and a half ahead of him, is like nothing human. The old saw about the sureness of tomorrow's arriving means nothing to him; and so he drives ahead like a mad bull, and succeeds in irritating every native in the surrounding counties.

Once he gets his pride and joy into the water, however, his character changes like a clear day in Massachusetts. The clamor in his head is gone, the motive for action is gone, and the skipper's life takes on a majestic mien—his very breathing is calm and unhurried. He sails; usually there is very little wind, and he has to drift; but this doesn't bother him very much. In long swooping dashes he comes about with neatness and dispatch. Sometimes, if he is a very skipperish skipper, he will ring the time on a bell especially imported for that purpose—and try to catch one ringing improperly! He'd die first.

Sometime in July, the real existence of a sailor begins, with the first races of the season. The small-boat skipper's love of correctness is very obvious during these races. Often it is far too obvious. This last summer, for instance, I was blown into the

swim by several shotgun wads arriving at a singularly inopportune moment from the muzzle of a starting gun. It wouldn't have been so bad if the shot had been the starting signal, but no, it was the twenty-minute gun. That's carrying a good thing much too far, I think. After all, one should rise above mere details, and get into the spirit of the sport. Oh, they do that all right, though. Each skipper crouches low over his tiller, and glares at everything in sight, just as a matter of course. He leans forward as if by his very impatience he would carry his boat along. And when the race is over, you can tell seven blocks away whether or not he won. If he did, he has assumed a look such as with which a Roman *imperator* looked benignly down upon the world. If he lost, his appearance beggars description. I tell you, they take it too hard. The emotions which fill a clubhouse at Award Day are enough to blow the walls out, as sometimes they unfortunately do.

After the last prize has been awarded, after the last tin cup has been returned from the banquet, after the glory and heyday has passed on until next season, then there is another race, but for a different reason. Every skipper wants to see his boat laid up for the winter—none of them trusts the lively man—and so there is again feverish haste in shipyards all over the country, as masts come down, rigging is stowed away, and the hull is entombed in some dark corner of a shed. And the skipper staggers away to catch the last train for home, happy in his weariness. Home he goes, to rest. It's an absolutely pointless performance; yet there are millions of morons who go through it every year. And if you happen to be near me, next summer, come down for a day's sailing. It's great sport . . .

Alice Returns

BY A. NONY MOUS, P. A. '39

IT was 1938, but the immortal Alice lived on. As a matter of fact, she was on her way to America, a new wonderland. . . .

Washington, D. C., Sept. 1938

Alice found herself very much in the atmosphere of wonderland. She knew she was still a little girl, but she looked much older, and people called her Mrs. Roosebeldt, altho' she was sure she had never been married. One morning she awoke in a coal mine. "What a horrid place," tho't Alice, "but I must be nice to the funny creatures here, and be very careful not to hurt their feelings." So Alice walked around and talked to the miners, who, incidentally, were very polite, too, and never told Alice how stupid they tho't she was. She asked the funniest questions! "Do you work more than 8 hours a day?" (Who ever heard of a coal miner working more than 8 hours a day!) "Are your homes clean and comfy?" (Everybody knows that coal miners thrive on dirt!) As a matter of fact, Alice eventually became indignant (when one miner tho't she was a horse and tried to harness her) and left the miners to see their homes.

She came to a shack from which there came simply terrible noises! The door was locked, and she was at a loss as to how to get in. Soon a duck came along, however, weeping bitter tears. It muttered to itself as it limped by, "Once I was a real duck, but A. Mend Ment made me lame, now I limp among the nuck. Isn't it a shame?" "Isn't what a shame," said Alice. "That I limp among the nuck, silly," replied the duck. "But," said Alice, "I don't understand what Nuck is." "Something to limp in, of course" said the duck. "Where did you go to school," it continued, "you're very stupid." "I'm not stupid," said Alice, "and I don't think you know what nuck is, either!" At that the duck tossed its head in the air and hurried away muttering something about what fools Democrats married.

(It was a Republican duck, and really meant little offence.)

Alice noticed that a sign had appeared on the door of the noisy house; it read: "New Deal Meeting inside." Alice wondered if all that noise was about a game of cards, when a chant began inside—

"Speak roughly to old East Side Al
Ignore him when he dissents
He's merely, just, an infidel
Who with business laments."

(and all joined in the chorus—)

"Spend, spend, spend—
Wow, wow, wow!" etc.

At the end of that, a smiling fat Irishman was thrown out the door. He picked himself up, replaced his brown derby, lit a fresh cigar, and shouted at the top of his lungs as he disappeared into the mine—

"How doth the W. P. A.
Improve on this recession
And pour the waters (T. V. A.)
In order stock to lessen!

How cheerfully it seems to grin
How neatly spend the dough
And welcome little voters in
To help prolong the show!

Alice had hardly recovered from that when a deck of cards, labeled "Salary Earners" advanced, leading the knave of hearts, whom they called Bureaucracy to the gallows. They were led by the King of Diamonds, who wore a little placard which said, "Call me Alf," and the King of Hearts, who kept shouting, "Let's not do anything!" The

Queen of Hearts, however, shouted "Off with his head!" and the cards decapitated Bureaucracy and yelled at him—

"Frank gave you one, Jim gave you two,
Harry gave 3 or 4
Little billions, spent on you
Tho' they were ours, before.

Alice had had just about enough. She ran for a building that said Congress, but one man was talking about a fund for the second cousins of Mexican war veterans and their descendants, and everybody else was fast asleep. So Alice went back to Hide Park and gave a picnic for waifs whose parents were Democrats, and then took the first boat to England, but she became deathly sick from the stew she ate with the coal stokers down in the engine room and she died, poor girl.

To the Gentleman who travels in the locus of a point at a given distance from a straight wire.

BY R. T. LYFORD, P. A. '39

Takin' it easy, aren't you?
All you do is play.
You tease the birds and 'gators
And generally get in the way.

Throwin' your dish in the fountain
Leapin' high and low;
You better behave, young feller,
Or under the knife you go.

Inside a bottle of alky,
Standing one way, thus;
You'll find your lively body
If never you stop this fuss.

I Wonder

BY BROOKS E. SMITH, P. A. '40

HAVE you ever wanted to be a resident of Old New York City when it was in the midst of its "growing pains"? Have you not ever laughingly mused over the idea of seeing yourself in a derby, cocked to one side, and a loud suit, twirling a gaudy cane, while jaunting merrily down the Bowery? Well, I have. This idea has always intrigued me with that fascination and curiosity with which one looks back on an enchanting era.

The New York World's Fair of 1940 is going to offer its visitors a pleasant choice. For the modest sum of twenty-five cents one can take a ride to the planet Venus and see the strange animals and scientific developments of the future, or one can take a ride into the past and see that Old New York of Steve Brodie, P. T. Barnum, Chuck Connors and similar beery greats.

I think, on the whole, I will take Old New York. I will tell you why: Besides that fore-mentioned dream I have always had, I want to find out whether it was true—maybe I've been misled by the movies—that in every saloon on the Bowery there functioned a sweet songstress who, though blond, was supporting an aged mother on the second floor. I want to find out whether the honest newsboys of that period really returned the fat wallet when they found it, and said, "No sir, I don't want a reward," or whether they just grabbed and ran. I want to find out whether the free lunch really was a sumptuous meal or whether, as I have always suspected, it consisted largely of salt herring to make one thirsty for the advertised beer. I want to discover whether the bartenders really wore checked vests or whether, as I have a dark suspicion, they wore decent black.

These, and my dream, are pressing matters; I will get to Venus in all good time.

A Short Story

BY STEPHEN B. FINCH, P. A. '40

AS the first orange-tinted rays of the rising sun shone above the horizon, crowning the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas as if with thousands of sparkling jewels, three men could be seen quietly leaving a tiny Hindu village at the base of one of the peaks, setting out determined to conquer the greatest peak of them all, Mt. Everest, which was looming up before them. Confident of its invincibility, proved by the long list of victories it had won during its many fights with man through the ages, it seemed to be hurling defiant threats and dares into their youthful faces.

These three men had only met a year before, and the one thing they had in common was a great knowledge of mountain climbing and an equally great love for this treacherous sport.

They had not gone far in their attempt at ascending Mt. Everest before they realized that their main danger would be snow slides, for spring had come early that year, and already the snow crust was soft, hindering their progress to a great extent. Nevertheless, after five full days of hard, treacherous climbing they had ascended over half the mountain. With the thinning of the air and the realization in their minds that the worst part of their climb was just ahead, the men became more quiet and a look of serious grimness entered their faces, taking the place of the previous light-hearted, carefree attitude which had prevailed. However, a great flame of determination was burning just as brightly in their souls as it had when they first started out.

The morning of March 23rd was a cloudy one, and the sudden cold tang in the air and heavy black clouds in the sky forewarned the coming of snow. Half an hour after noon the blizzard began. A terrific gale lashed at their bodies, helpless and

insignificant in the seething sea of white. Great sheets of snow, stinging like pellets of lead, were hurled down the mountain side upon their hapless figures and into their distorted faces. At the height of this blizzard, Mt. Everest, determined that these men should get no further, opened its side and swallowed up one of the gallant companions, dropping him into a twenty foot crevice, at the bottom of which he lay unconscious. His two comrades rushed to his rescue. Night had come, enclosing the men in its suffocating blackness. Torches were lighted. Attempts to signal the fallen man were made. One of the men was lowered down on the end of a rope. There was no time to lose, for in a few minutes the senseless body would be completely covered with a thick, cold blanket of falling snow. The minds of the two men were a jumbled maze. How badly was he hurt? Was he dead? Could they find him? Would they be able to save him? Had they wasted too much time already? How could they get him to the surface of the mountain side? What to do when he was brought up?

In the next half hour these questions were answered. He was not dead and was brought to the surface by means of a rope after he had been quite easily found. All there remained to do now was to keep alive in their companion the spark of life still there. There, over half way up the side of Mt. Everest, some fifteen thousand feet in the air in the black of night, completely isolated from everyone and everything, a life hung by a thread. Two men alone fought for the life of a comrade.

Gradually as morning drew near, the men's efforts became less frantic, for they were exhausted and weary, and their eyes were heavy with the sleep which had been denied them for many hours and which they now stubbornly fought off. Bit by

bit the snow drifted higher about them, first terrifying in its relentlessness, then bringing a delicious peace to their exhausted bodies. Finally, just before the sun, the sign of life and symbol of all things living, slanted across the face of the earth, death came. Mt. Everest was still unconquered and invincible.

Dead Calm

BY RALPH M. DAVENPORT, JR., P. A. '39

THE sun had come out through the clouds. The wind had died down and nothing moved the mass of humid air that hung over the water. The huge waves, which were now great oily rollers, were the only reminder of the recent storm. Soon the sky was absolutely cloudless.

At first Jack and I welcomed the sun, for it gave us a chance to dry our wet clothes. But with the sun the flies came to alight on our bare legs, bite us, and then dart away.

The tide was carrying us backwards and bringing us closer and closer to a gong-buoy, whose clanging became more and more monotonous as we drifted.

After we had spread our clothing to dry, there was nothing else to do. We sat down facing each other, Jack holding the useless tiller. There was nothing to take our minds off the movement of the boat, and it was not long before we were pretty sick. For the first time I was aware of a "squeek-yar, squeek-yaw" made by the boom rubbing against the mast as the boat rolled. The sail was lazily flapping, flapping, flapping. The sound of

the buoy was more insistent. "Gong, gong-gong, gong, gong-gong." Without knowing it I was listening for these sounds. The sun was so hot that my skin was dry and my scalp itched. There was no shade anywhere. I looked at Jack. That was the third time he had sniffed. He did it again and, after a regular interval, again. I was fascinated. Then the fly bit me. I slapped at him and missed, and with my sunburned leg smarting under the blow, I looked for something to let my anger out on. I stood up. There was a moment's pause and the bell boomed, the mast screeched, the sail flapped slowly. Jack sniffed again. I turned on him. "For gad's sake, shut up!" I screamed. He looked up and grasped the boat-hook. Suddenly our faces were cool, and the sail stopped flapping. A breeze had come up. We trimmed the main sheet as the boat heeled a little.



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The Headmaster's Prizes have been awarded to Greer Hardwicke for "All God's Own." and to James Spitz for his cover design.

DEDICATION

To Mr. James Cowan Sawyer we dedicate this fall issue of *The Mirror*, in recognition of his faithful execution of one of the most important duties in the administration, that of the Treasurer.

EDITORIAL

NOT everyone spends much time writing for himself in Andover. We all love our sleep too much. There is so much to do in the daytime, too, that the wretched Muse scribbles only classroom themes and letters home. A few stalwarts, however, are engaged in pounding out copy for the voluntarily sustained publications on the hill. You can see one or two of them in every dormitory, or rather hear them, banging away mercilessly on a thundering Underwood, cursing now and then the faded remnants of a typewriter ribbon. Their lives may seem to the uninformed to be dedicated to everlasting slavery and bitterness, but they are, in their own opinion, quite near the kingdom of heaven. They feel that it is a good experience to juggle words about just for the sake of juggling them. They get some satisfaction in looking back over their finished work, taking devilish delight in pestering the roommate to pass judgment on their brain children. In fact, they get some fun out of life. It would be a good thing, perhaps, if a few more Andover men would thus dig themselves out of the rut of grinding, and concentrate for a short time on a question or two that does not immediately bear on their scholastic status. Of course, it is not advocated that one should give his grades no consideration at all; but creative writing should be recognized as a welcome change from the ordinary existence of school life.

Before and After

BY JOHNSTON NORTHRUP, P. A. '39

I

Göttingen, Germany,

February 20, 1933

SLOWLY the Berlin Express pulled into the station at the picturesque university town of Göttingen and came to a jarring halt. I alighted onto the practically deserted station platform and looked joyfully around. Here I was in a really peaceful German town away from the rush and worry of a great capital like Berlin. As I made my way up through the narrow little streets that led to the main part of Göttingen, I thought of the German people who are among the finest in the world. Soon, to my surprise, I saw people and lights ahead and then came upon a main street lined with excited people. What were they waiting for? I soon knew.

Far down the street music and cheering started up and in a little while I could see lights of torches. The people all around me broke into a tremendous yell and threw up their arms in Nazi salute as we saw the head of the procession march into view. Flags with the symbol of the party on them were flying all through the procession and everyone was singing lusty songs. I should not say everyone, for some evidently not in agreement with the Nazis looked on good-naturedly with apparent amusement. One such person, a very nice cultured-looking middle-aged man, turned and spoke to me in English. He asked me what I thought of all this show and when I replied that it interested, but scared me, he said that the Nazis were not to be taken seriously. "Hitler is just someone for the people to pin their faith to for the moment, but he is nothing really serious," he said. He told me that I could see the same thing on another side of town done by the Communists.

The friendly gentleman and I walked across the town through throngs of gay, happy Germans.

There we found a scene very similar to what I had just seen. We saw a torchlight procession and almost as many people singing, but no uniforms on the marching men, and no flags. I asked if they had trouble with the two different parties. His answer was no, that the police kept them separated; and why should they want to fight. Many came from the same families. A happy young man I made my way a little later on that evening to my hotel.

II

Berlin, Germany,

March 4, 1933

Hitler declared chancellor of the German Reich.

III

Göttingen, Germany,

March 20, 1933

I left my hotel for the last time and walked down through the town towards the station. As I came to the main street I was met by much the same scene that had greeted me on my arrival in Göttingen, a Nazi torchlight procession. There were more people, though, and flags hanging from every building and lamp post. Among the happy throng I saw my German friend, no longer smiling in amusement, with his hand raised in salute. When he saw me he smiled sadly and led the way quietly to an open spot where he could not be overheard. He told me many sad, horrible things and assured me he hated the Nazis more than ever; but he had to consider the safety of his wife and children, so the salute. He told me to go and have a look at the other side of town where I had seen the Communists parade.

Following my friend's instruction, for he would not accompany me, I went to the other side of town. Here there was no laughing, singing crowd, no torchlights, just silence and sadness. A few

(Continued on Page 32)

Exchanges

Abbot Academy	<i>The Courant</i>
Beaver Country Day School	<i>The Beaver Log</i>
Belmont Hill School	<i>The Sextant</i>
The Berkshire School	<i>The Berkshire Dome</i>
Brooks School	<i>The Bishop</i>
Buckingham Hall	<i>The Packet</i>
Chicago Latin School	<i>The Folio</i>
Cornell University	<i>The Widow</i>
Dartmouth College	<i>Jack-o'-Lantern</i>
Emma Willard School	<i>The Triangle</i>
Phillips Exeter Academy	<i>The Exeter Review</i>
Fessenden School	<i>The Albemarle</i>
Governor Dummer Academy	<i>The Archon</i>
Groton School	<i>The Grotonian</i>
Harvard University	<i>The Harvard Monthly</i>
Harvard University	<i>The Lampoon</i>
The Hill School	<i>The Record</i>
Hopkins Grammar School	<i>Hopkins Literary Magazine</i>
Horace Mann School for Boys	<i>The Horace Mann Quarterly</i>
Horace Mann School for Girls	<i>The Horace Manuscript</i>
Hotchkiss School	<i>The Lit</i>
Kimball Union Academy	<i>The Kimball Union</i>
Lawrenceville	<i>The Lawrenceville Literary Magazine</i>
Mass. Institute of Technology	<i>The Voo-Doo</i>
Milton Academy	<i>The Magus</i>
Miss May's School	<i>The Maze</i>
New Trier Township High School	<i>Inklings</i>
Noble and Greenough School	<i>The Nobleman</i>
Univ. of Penn	<i>The Pennsylvania Triangle</i>
Princeton University	<i>The Princeton Tiger</i>
Rogers Hall	<i>Splinters</i>
St. George's School	<i>The Dragon</i>
St. Mark's School	<i>The Vindex</i>
St. Paul's School	<i>Horae Scholasticae</i>
Wellington College	<i>The Wellingtonian</i>
Williams College	<i>The Purple Cow</i>

Of the exchanges received this year, the M. I. T. *Voo Doo* thus far has proven one of the most popular. One section of this comic monthly is much like one of the *New Yorker's* most amusing features—short paragraphs of humorous comment about everything from the diligence of W. P. A. workers to the work of the diligent W. C. T. U. Except for the fact that it must be quite difficult to pound out such items for every edition, many magazines would find it wise to follow suit. The *Voo Doo* also contains many cartoons, another line in which most prep school publications are deficient. Jokes galore, most serious dissertations such as *Peas: Spear 'em or Scoop 'um?* and comment on new recordings complete the make-up of M. I. T.'s offering. It doesn't seem possible that the editors will be able to turn out issues in the future as entertaining as those already received.

Along the same line are the Harvard *Lampoon* and the Cornell *Widow*. Fortunately for them, they are allowed freer rein to print much that would be outlawed in school editions.

The other extreme, as might be expected, is the *Grotonian*. We are far from suggesting any adoption of the *Voo Doo* suggestions, but a picture or decoration of any kind would help to break the monotony of solid printed matter, page after page! One feature of the *Grotonian* that might well be adopted by many magazines of our type lies in reviewing the football games one by one in the fall, when interest is high, instead of waiting for the year book's cut and dried account in the spring. Their extensive Alumni Notes are also remarkable, particularly with regard to how often a certain family name beginning with "R" is mentioned.

The Magus from Milton Academy Girls' School again deserves recognition for a good "all 'round" job. This is not the first time the *Mirror* has seen fit to congratulate them.

Yacht Racing

(Continued from Page 14)

with her light blue topsides and the deep blue, sparkling sea. Spray flew over the bow and aft, as she drove into the rising sea. Above her gleaming, wet decks spread her straining jib and mainsail, stretched taut by the brisk breeze. The whole picture was lively and invigorating. She was leading in the series on points, and she was sure to win it if she finished above tenth in that race. But Bill was sure of the Regatta race, at least.

"Just as the two boats were about to cross, though, a wave hit the 'Indra' forward and threw her bow off. An accident was almost certain. It looked as though both boats, traveling very fast, would be badly damaged. Then it happened. Bill, without a moment's hesitation, put the tiller hard up and gybed. The boom crashed over, carrying away the backstay, and the mast went a couple of feet above the deck. Shorn of her great white wings, the 'Riptide' drifted helpless amid the mass of wreckage. The collision was avoided, and Dick Miller went on to win the series as well as the championship trophy.

"It was a grand thing for Bill to do, yet he lost his chance to have a boat to sail the next year. He didn't have money enough to replace the 'Riptide's' mast and rigging, and he hadn't fulfilled Jack Brewster's agreement. Dick Miller wasn't going to be sailing next year, but he didn't want to charter his boat; he feared some damage might be done and his 'Indra' was so beautifully kept he didn't want to risk it. Then he learned about the agreement between Bill and Jack Brewster. He was even more impressed by Bill's remarkable sportsmanship."

"Yep, that sure is a fine yarn, Captain," said one of his eager listeners. "With him sailing Dick Miller's 'Indra' this year the rest of the fleet hasn't stood a chance. Remarkable fellow that Bill, yep, remarkable fellow!" And the rocking chair fleet lapsed back into a pensive silence.

Twelve Years Later

(Continued from Page 19)

"Too bad about that middle-aged couple up in Pinehurst, wasn't it?"

Good heavens! Could it be his—oh, how silly of him, of course it wasn't. Hadn't he received a letter from them only a week ago? But then—a week's a long time. What was that? The man hadn't spoken quite loud enough for him to hear. Do you suppose—No, no! It couldn't be! He must ask them. This feeling of terror in his heart was too great. The man had mentioned Powers Street—That was where he lived. God forbid! No! No! No! He would ask them, the man and his wife behind him.

"Excuse me, mister. But—but what was that you just said? How—how did they die?" The man was a demon, deliberately and slowly articulating as he answered: "Asphyxiated—there was a leak in the gas pipe."

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Paul Brown
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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

I'LL MISS THIS GRAND OLD TOWN, CHUBBINS. I WISH WE'D LIVED HERE WHEN IT WAS THE PORT OF CLIPPER SHIPS-----

TRAILER TRIP
LEAVING
SALEM, MASS.

HERE'S A FINE GIFT TO SEND HOME, DAD. WOULDN'T AUNT MARY HAVE A GREAT TIME FIGURING OUT HOW THE SHIP WAS PUT INSIDE THE BOTTLE

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO FIND OUT OURSELVES. WILL YOU EXPLAIN IT, SIR?

BE GLAD TO. FIRST, WE MAKE OUR SHIP MODEL IN PARTS, THEN FOLD SPARS, HULL, SAILS, AND OTHER UNITS TOGETHER SO THEY PASS THROUGH THE BOTTLE NECK LIKE THIS. EACH PART HAS A STRING RUNNING OUTSIDE TO THIS BOARD-----

NEXT, WE UNFOLD THE SHIP INSIDE THE BOTTLE BY PULLING THESE STRINGS, WHICH BECOME THE RIGGING. ANY PART CAN BE SET IN PLACE BY ADJUSTING ITS STRING OUTSIDE ON THE BOARD

YOU'RE GETTING AN EXACT SCALE MODEL MADE OF AN OLD TIMBER FROM MY GRANDFATHER'S CLIPPER SHIP. IT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT NOW, BESIDES THIS PIPE OF HIS

HOW WONDERFUL!

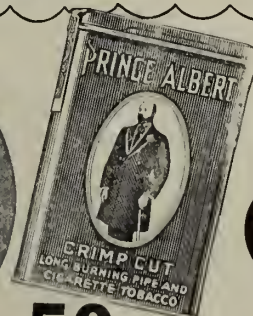
I CAN SEE THAT YOU MUST GET A LOT MORE PLEASURE SMOKING THAT PIPE THAN YOUR GRANDFATHER DID!

HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT! BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINCE ALBERT, I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A MILD, TASTY SMOKE WAS LIKE

WE MODERN PIPE-SMOKERS OWE A LOT TO P.A. --- THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

WHAT I WANT IN A PIPE TOBACCO IS JUST WHAT I GET IN PRINCE ALBERT---A **COOL, MELLOW** SMOKE FULL OF **RIPE, RICH TASTE** BUT **NO BITE**

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THE NATIONAL
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Before and After

(Continued from Page 28)

people hurried by with bowed heads, looking as if they wished to get off the streets as soon as possible. As one of these passed a brown-shirted officer, I could see him looking with fear and hate at the brown figure. He was afraid, yet he wished to show how he hated the man. It was all too easy to imagine the horrors that had gone on here in the last two weeks.

I headed towards the station, wishing to get away from this section of town and not only that, but from the once loved Göttingen and from all Germany. I arrived at a near-deserted station, waited a minute, hearing the fascinating yet fearful sound of the far-off singing. The train came; I climbed quickly aboard and found a seat. There I sat looking at my lovely Göttingen and wishing for the safety and security of a great city called New York.

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Rogers Hall

Splinters

St. George's School

The Dragon

St. Mark's School

The Vindex

St. Paul's School

Horae Scholasticae

Guam

BY R. A. FURMAN, '42

GUAM has, for the past month or so, been very prominent in the political limelight because of the fortifications and naval base that the government has proposed to build there. But this island, small though it may be, is not unaccustomed to a prominent place in world affairs, as it has figured in many events of historical significance.

It was first discovered in 1521 by Magellan during the period of history when discoveries were being made with unbelievable speed. Because of the natives' thieving habits this explorer named the group of islands to which Guam belongs, the Ladrone Islands. (Ladrone means "thief" in Spanish.) No attempt was made at colonization until the Spaniards established a mission there some one hundred and fifty years later. The natives refused to accept the Christian doctrine at first, but at the end of a half a century of fighting, during which most of the male natives were slain, the inhabitants became Christianized.

Everything was peaceful in Guam until the Spanish-American war broke out in 1898. The island at first received no notice that a state of war existed between the mother country and the United States, so when the U. S. Cruiser *Charleston* arrived there in June of that year the government officials thought that it had come on a peaceful mission. Under this assumption a committee of welcome was dispatched towards the boat only to have, to their amazement, the island's dismantled fort the victim of needless bombs from the cruiser. Under the terms of the Paris Treaty this island was later officially ceded to the United States by Spain.

The change in government brought little change

to the native Chamorroians, except that their markets were now dominated by their new landlords. A new government, a new language, and a new garrison of four thousand men were the most important changes, and the natives soon accustomed themselves to these. Modern science brought the first real change to Guam a few years ago when the Pan-American Airways designated this island as a base for their new trans-Pacific air route. This brought a new source of income and also insured the islanders and men garrisoned there a constant contact with the outside world.

The armament race has again brought this island into the public eye because if fortified it will push our naval defense lines three thousand miles westward. It would also mean that we would be pushed deeply and permanently into Asiatic politics; it would show the world that we have no intention of getting out of the Philippines in 1946. It would signify a strong mutual understanding with England and Holland, as this "advance naval base" would be at the disposal of these countries if they needed it for the defense of their Far Eastern possessions; at least this is what the House Naval Committee stated in their report.

Thus you can see that Guam has up until today been but a milestone in the successive marches of discovery, Christian, and American aggression. During all these important events the natives have for the most part retained their old customs and traditions, and as far as being the center of this important argument concerning our new foreign policy they don't really care, as they know that life will continue as it has for centuries on this peaceful Pacific isle.

Odyssey of a Pair of Saddle Shoes

BY R. B. STANNARD, '39

"I am just a pair of saddle shoes, similar in appearance to thousands of other such shoes. I have red rubber soles, white toes and heels, and a black saddle across my top. I am laced up by two white laces that pass through my white eyes. However, unlike other shoes, I am going to talk and give you the story of my life.

"I had only been reposing in my box on the store shelf for a few days, when I was taken out and tried on the feet of a college boy about twenty years old. He was wearing a pair of shoes then that looked strangely like my grandfather. They were old, scuffed, dirty and broken—little did I know that I was to end life in such a state. His number ten feet fitted into me perfectly. As a result I was bought and worn out of the store. Into the hustling, bustling traffic of crowded New York we went—my new master and I. I tried to keep clean, but my sole soon became dirty and I was no longer a child. Some big brute stepped on my right half, leaving a dirty black smudge on my white, virginal skin. At this my owner became angered and he told the big fellow where to get off. I soon reached home without further mishap except for a somewhat uncomfortable wad of gum on my left side. During this journey I was constantly amazed at things I had never seen before. My master's parents were undoubtedly rich because their rugs were so deep and soft to the touch. Often I had to let out a tiny squeak, to appease the tickling effect of these sumptuous rugs. The first week of my new life was not too bad. I was washed and polished every night, and gently put under the bed at retiring. My only complaint was that my hours were inclined to be very late. My soles became hot and tired after much dancing—my tongue would be hanging out all night from fatigue. I thought surely that when

my newness wore off, I would be worn less frequently. But no—this was not the case.

"As the weeks wore on, I was cleaned less and less. I took on a dull gray color in place of my former snowy white condition. I was no longer set gently under the bed, now I was thrown to all corners of the room, or dropped in any convenient spot. The other shoes began to sneer at me and say, 'I told you so.' I was a miserable being in those days. The only times I had fun was when we would go to a dance or to a movie. At the tea dance I met lots of nice girls, and at the movies it was quiet—but these chances came less and less. One night my master went slumming and he took me along. We went to all the cheapest places, and I was miserable all night. We entered small, smoky, noisy rooms with dirty sawdust on the floor. My soles were burned and blackened from stamping out cigarette stubs. It was also on such expeditions as these that my master took up some awfully queer dances. He did the Big Apple, the Suzie-Q, the Charleston and many other similar dances. All of which dances were hard on my aging body. Winter soon came and I was sure that with the arrival of snow I would surely be put away to rest till the coming spring. But snow came and still I was not put away. I got wet and soon developed a seriously bad cold that stuffed me all up and pinched my master's toes. Finally, one feverous morning when I was almost at death's door, I heard my master say, 'Well, I've got to get some new shoes, these are all gone.' Then I realized the end was near. I was thrown into the closet, and when the new shoes came he mocked me and sat there with bulging eyes and tongue sticking out.

"I sat in the closet all winter and in the first days

of spring cleaning I was put in the ash barrel—in the ash barrel with dirty ashes, tin cans and other debris. I felt terribly because even in my degradation I had kept my self-respect. The trash man came, and I was saved from the jaws of hell by his taking me home with him. At this stage my once white places were almost blended into my black saddles; my toes were scuffed, and my second set of soles were worn thin; and the most painful injury I had was a broken back. Each shoe's back was wrinkled, stooped, and broken—no longer the stalwart, majestic person that walked out of the store a little over a year ago. My new master was a poor man who had to wear anything he could get, but I'm afraid even to him I was a sorry sight. His job was to stamp the trash down in the truck—I was chosen as his new companion on this job. Dirty as I was, I cringed when I was made to mingle with that trash. I met everything—old stockings, other unfortunates like me, pictures, there was even a one beautiful picture of Venus de Milo but some child had given her a mustache and a beard. I wanted to end all this, but I didn't know how to go about it. Finally, one day my chance came. I slipped on a banana peel and landed on a sharp piece of glass with my right half. The pain was terrific and I soon lost consciousness from loss of blood. That night when my master got me home, my tongue was gone, my eyes had lost their glimmer, and half my sole had been cut away." The tale of this pair of shoes must end here, because the author is no longer with us—he died a horrible death that night. I never could find his remains, but I hope he is undisturbed in his final rest.



Young Randolph

BY PHILIP F. FICKETT, '40

With forty seconds left to play
And prospects growing dim,
Coach Fielding got up from the bench
To put young Randolph in.

"Now don't get nervous in there, kid,
And don't talk till next play.
Just tell Andrews to chuck a pass,"
He said, and walked away.

So in went Randolph, cold and numb,
To see what he could do
To keep this ball club off the rocks,
And Fielding's salary, too.

The first play over, Randolph said,
"Coach says pull 'Forty-four.'"
The pass from center was too low—
The Wildcats lost three more.

With third down coming up, he barked,
"Let's try that one again!"
The ball was snapped—he ran out short—
No good! How near the end!

The timer's gun was in the air,
When Randolph screamed, "Nineteen!"
Once more the passer faded back
And viewed the scrambled scene.

Straight down the "grid" young Randolph sped.
Then sharply to the left
He cut and took the bullet toss—
In front, a field bereft . . .

And thus the Wildcats won the day,
And young Randolph was praised
With honors All-American,
And Fielding's pay was raised.

One Boy to Another on Practical Citizenship

(Means Essay Contest, February 28, 1939)

BY JOHN WALTER SULLIVAN, '39

YOU and I, as members of a new and rising generation, must assume within the next few years the obligations accompanying citizenship. As we grow older and begin to emerge from the sheltered existence of our earlier years, broadening our outlook on society, it is only natural that we should begin to take a greater interest in what the future holds in store. It is not out of the ordinary that we should begin to speculate on what our chances of success may be. And along with these thoughts there develops within us a realization of the fact that a man is not the sole master of his fate. It becomes increasingly apparent that one's destiny is deeply influenced by great social developments—that one cannot sever himself from the rest of the world and live within himself unaffected by the varying forces which affect the political, social, and economic aspects of human life. With this realization we begin to be more interested in what the rest of the world is doing. It is then that we commence to feel those forces of great social upheaval which characterize the twentieth century. As our outlook broadens we begin to feel that men like Hitler are not purely isolated individuals with their development separated from that of their fellows; rather we get the impression that they are the outgrowth of an era in social evolution. It then becomes obvious that our own country will not remain unaffected by the great political and social changes taking place in the rest of the world—that since neither we as individuals, nor our country as a whole, can be immune from the contagion of new social philosophies, it devolves on all of us to take an active part in the shaping of our nation's destiny.

The future which lies ahead for our generation

seems to be pitted with all sorts of perils, and we wonder whether America will survive; for we see all about us increasing indications of social disturbance.

And as we are steadily being pushed along toward the day when we shall become citizens, there looms in front of us a multitude of problems which must be met. And it is primarily my purpose this evening to discuss our connection as embryo citizens with our national problems and their solutions.

In looking forward to our future as citizens, we must consider one thing above all others—and that is: Since we are destined to be citizens it is essential that we *shall not* take that citizenship lightly, but that we shall realize the necessity of *practicing* it. In other words, it is imperative that each one of us, with all sincerity, shall do his best to fulfill those obligations which become his when he achieves the status of a citizen. And after becoming citizens we must always keep in mind our greatest objective—to make democracy work.

To be sure, the solution of unemployment and old age security is of immediate importance, but the solving of these current problems will be but the means to a far greater end—making our democracy work. Unfortunately, all too many people regard this aim of the American citizen lightly. They are the ones who believe in democracy merely as a matter of convenience, not conviction. But one need only look at history to recognize the necessity of making our republican form of government practicable, for the democracies of ancient Greece and Rome fell prey to tyranny because their people lost faith in the feasibility of democratic government. A mere glance at current history brings home the point in even more striking fashion



INDUSTRY, by T. H. Beddall, '40

in the case of the Germans who surrendered their personal liberties to a dictator in the hope of obtaining a more efficient government.

The only conclusion to be drawn from these instances is that our democracy must be made practicable lest it suffer a like fate for not meeting its people's needs.

As the most outstanding problem confronting us, we have unemployment. Its solution is, of course, difficult; but the necessity of solving it will be granted by all. Indeed, unless we, during our lives, can find a solution to this problem our institution of democracy will most certainly suffer.

Another task before us is the necessity of keeping America out of war—not merely because of dread of war in itself, but as a part of our program to make democracy work. In order for a demo-

cratic people to remain free, it must remain at peace. For this goal of a permanent peace to be achieved, we must strike at the core of the matter and that is: To engender in our own minds and in the minds of our fellows a mental attitude which will allow us to regard our relations with foreign nations from a purely unemotional point of view. Danger of war does not come from abroad but originates at home as the result of certain psychological reactions akin to hysteria. When national emotions are allowed to run uncontrolled, then peace hangs upon a very slender thread. A democratic people in time of war must of necessity lose many liberties enjoyed in time of peace, and when national freedom is sacrificed to the great god of Military Efficiency—it may never be regained.

Then again, in a country so large as ours, with

so many diversified interests, it is essential that we always be willing to credit those who oppose us with having some measure of intelligence. The saddest instance in our history of not being willing to consider the other fellow's viewpoints is, of course, the tragedy of our Civil War. It is necessary that we always be unswayed by emotion and that we view national problems in the revealing, pure white light of cold reason.

Thus we see that a government progresses in proportion to its members' interest in it, and that in order for a democracy to endure, its people must take more than a passive interest in its workings—in short, its citizenry must practice its citizenship.

In the years to come when we are among those who control the nation's destiny at the polls, we must remember that postponing the solution of our national problems does little but make them greater. Our country's history is badly disfigured in many places from the unfortunate results of a policy of procrastination. The reason that we have the great problems that exist today is that they have not been solved previously.

There are those who disapprove of us, the rising generation, on the grounds that we have a tendency to *unload* our problems rather than *solve* them. It is necessary that we should vindicate ourselves, and having confidence in our abilities, look realistically at the present and toward the future with the sincere determination to solve our country's problems rather than postpone them to trouble future generations.

Nude Descending Staircase

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

(Written after seeing Picasso's
world-famous painting)

O fan-like, gyral Nude on stairs,
Our minds and souls you vex—
The tempting title unawares
Has made us look for sex.

Insects

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

THE time has come for broad-mindedness! We have spent our lives imbibing the democratic principles of (a) Man's best friend, the dog; (b) Our feathered friends of field and forest; (c) The S.P.C.A., and now we must add to our Franciscan natures this element of fraternal affection for insects—mosquitoes, hellgramites, and all. A brief survey of our proposed entomological entourage would surely include mosquitoes, moths, and ants, with which we are all conversant.

We are all too well acquainted with the predatory habits of the mosquito to make necessary any profound discussion of its life and times. The mosquito is a mere barfly, drunk on blood, and spending its ephemeral existence in power-diving from one tavern to another.

Moths we all know as those perfectly innocuous little insects that have a universal affinity for light, an affinity leading usually to a disturbance of evening reading, studying, yea, even illuminated existence.

Rich and poor, young and old alike know the ambitious ant. The ant is noted (among sewing circles and Thursday clubs) as a creature of notable and persevering industry. To those of us who are brought face to face with the stark realities of life, such as getting up at seven of a frosty morn, the ant is a pertinacious, pestiferous pest.

Finally, although it has no bearing on the subject, I cannot resist the impulse to misquote Mr. Goldsmith—"Like the insect we should make our industry our amusement."



A Country Paragon

BY THOMAS B. HEWITT, '39

LIKE all his ancestors, Ernest Bump has lived his entire life on a small farm in North Stonington, Connecticut, near the Rhode Island state line. He certainly is a character worth knowing, and I'm proud to count him among my friends, after having seen some of the busy-body hypocrites who rush around in all our modern cities.

Life to Ernest goes on the same now as it always has done. Since he has never known the conveniences of electricity and running water, he doesn't miss them. His entire life centers around that farm, and to my knowledge he leaves it for only two reasons—to have the horse shod in the village by old Charley Minor, or to have himself shod at Montgomery Ward's in Westerly.

For all his self-sufficiency, he is far from being a recluse, and all the country people know him as a genial neighbor. He enjoys nothing more than to talk with the occasional passer-by who hails him across the fields from the old carriage road to exchange the last word in countryside news.

If some day in mid July, you were to amble down this narrow, dirt road, rutted by years of use, the chances are that, after rounding the bend by the old sycamore, about half a mile beyond the schoolhouse, you would see Ernest on the hay-rake, talking quietly to his old horse, which would be experiencing great difficulty in drawing the contraption down one of the slopes in the gently undulating field. Nothing more than a friendly wave would be needed to start him toward you, because he always welcomes a moment's relaxation from his labors. He is a conscientious soul and won't stop working unless he has an excuse, no matter how slight. He believes, and rightly, that when a man is working, he should apply himself to the task at hand. He is vehement in his contempt for those that lie down on the job, and his classic denunciation of one man

has become a countryside password. "Why," he once snorted, "that man's so lazy he'd like to walk settin' down!"

You are in for a treat when you first hear him talk, his voice mellowed by a blend of dialect and years of homely epigrams. To all intents and purposes, he seems to be a throwback to the English Yeoman farmer of old, stolid in difficulty, taking good fortune and bad with equal calm. If more of us could adopt his views this world would be a much saner place. When too much rain rots the potatoes, or too much sun withers the corn, out comes his corn-cob pipe, and he thinks about next year, his only worries being for the cattle he loves and the prospect of a winter with little feed for them.

His motto is, "There's a time for everything," and I remember one occasion when he was telling his son that this was the time to work harder in certain school studies. "You've got to whip up your hind cattle," he said. "Tain't just as easy as a chicken hoppin' up on a roost. Lay the stick to 'em!"

As he approaches, you see him clothed in the familiar faded blue denim shirt, open at the neck, crossed by once bright suspenders which sun and rain have bleached to a nondescript blur. Comfortably soiled slate-gray trousers with cuffs rolled up several turns are enlivened by the corner of a red handkerchief that peaks out of one bulging pocket. The pride of the mail order house protects his tired feet; in fact, the only complaints I have heard him offer concerned this last item.

"Howdy, stranger; kinda warm today," will probably be his friendly greeting. To you who have suffered no end in the oppressive, sultry heat this seems a mild understatement, but if you ask him, "If this is warm, what's hot?" the laconic reply will be—"Sun's hot." Then for the first time, you

notice in the "V" of his unbuttoned shirt collar, the top of a pair of long flannels. Small wonder he called it warm!

After passing the time of day with you for a short while, he has to get back to his haying, because, as he says, "I mistrusts it's agoin' to rain, so we'll have to hurry this last load."

Scrupulously honest as he is, he abhors a liar, and I knew him once to get out of a car (the third time he'd ever ridden in one) and walk eight miles back home because he considered the driver had just said something dishonest. Rightfully indignant, he once said to me of a tale he had heard, "Why, if you told that to a dead jackass, he'd kick your ears off!"

Scornful of laziness, of one lethargic individual who is inclined to be a little plump, he said some of his unkindest words—"All he needs is bristles to be a hawg!"

I know of nothing more awe-inspiring than a really bad thunderstorm. It was after just such a storm during which several trees were struck within thirty yards of his little house, and the crashing roll of the thunder was so deafening and terrifying that I remarked on our close call. "'Twas crackin' kinda lively," was the only comment I could arouse.

One of the last times I saw Ernest was shortly after the hurricane. He was taking his loss stoically and he seemed most concerned about one of his cows which, becoming terrified, had fled through the brush, catching its tail and ripping it off. He was afraid he would have to hire someone to take the tail's place in keeping the flies away.

"When I saw that row of maples go," said he, pointing with a weathered hand, "I reckoned it was breezin' up, so I put old Chubby in the barn and turned to shut the doors. Afore I could so much as take a breath, the barn doors flew off like a flock o' birds, and the wind grabbed a pail right out o' my hand. I been all over Robin Hood's barn lookin' fur that pail but I ain't seen it since."

I know I shall always remember his smiling eyes above those ruddy cheeks, and his neatly trimmed "walrus" mustache, but it is his picturesque language and homely philosophy that make me value his friendship as one of my most cherished possessions. It would give the earth a strangely refreshing breathing spell if we could all follow the lead of this easy-going country farmer who is everybody's friend, and sit down in the face of trouble, comforted by a favorite pipe, and think about the coming year instead of past misfortunes.

We The People

BY RICHARD W. BESSE, '39

When from the circling spheres to this fair earth
With hope and means to all o'erpower and kill,
Came vicious hordes that in us did instill
The loyalty and courage of our birth;
When streamline mold an old folk dance did hail
And took a name by orchards' pride inspired
Which soon gave life to rising faith that fired
The nation to shake oft both head and tail;
When toward a grandeur never once conceived,
Not e'en by minds of chanted Babylon,
Our fancies reared a dismal dump upon
A glittering land to rival that of Eve;
Then could proud powers see our race refined,
A work of art wrought by the Hand divine.

Party Faith

BY RICHARD W. PETERS, '39

TWO men were sitting on rickety old chairs at opposite ends of a scarred, four-legged wooden table. They were playing checkers, and every so often one would make a move with solemn and calculating mien. Light from a small, dingy window near the top of the dirty, stone wall dimly lighted up the checker-board, table, and the gray heads of the two middle-aged Russians. The remaining furniture of this room consisted of a steaming samovar on the table, and two pallets in the corner. This was Kirill's allotted living space.

He shared it with Anatole, the Mookin's eldest son. Anatole was at the factory; his off-day would come the day after. Seldom were many of the other inhabitants of this cellar home at the same time; they rested on different days. Fortunately, Kirill's old friend, Petya, nowadays had the same rest day as he did. For a long time Petya had not made him a visit, but here he was playing checkers with him at last, praise God! Kirill was happy. The two men sat, silently moving the checkers, glancing at each other as if trying to read each other's mind in this friendly strife. Kirill was dressed in brown indiscriminate rags which had been a coat. His long, gray trousers were crusted with dry mud. He had hooked his old boots in the loose rungs of the chair. Opposite was Petya in his good, brown coat, almost new, and his comfortable khaki shirt open around his thick neck. Petya was a little fat now, his chin was loose and his eyes had sunk a little below his grizzled eyebrows. His hair was cut short. Kirill was thin, ascetic, his face white, nose long and slightly hooked, grizzled eyebrows, his eyes large and black. His hair was an unkempt black mass flowing back over his head. They were finishing their game. Kirill made a move with a flourish, but ha! Petya had him. "Well, little brother, you didn't see that, did you? No!" Petya

laughed boisterously. Kirill folded up the board with a smile.

"Ah, Petya," he said, "it's a long time since our last game, and a longer time since we were young and warm-blooded." He was a little bit chilly. He poured very hot tea from the samovar into their cups.

"Yes, Kirill, so it is. It's many years since that fight in Smolensk with the Whites. Those were the days!"

"Remember that raid on the Krastov mansion? Trouble was that there wasn't much stuff left to take away when we got in, was there? They all got away free. But we had our fun. In those days we lived, drank, and fought together. Now look at us." He gazed around the dingy stone room with the table and the dirty samovar. "One never knows!"

"No one ever knows much," returned Petya.

"Except God."

"Shut up, comrade," exclaimed Petya in pained surprise. "There is no God, nowadays, except our great and noble Stalin!"

"Yes, yes, that's right, but still—well, we were inseparable, brothers, really. But now, look, Petya, you're a shock-brigadier in the new factory, and I'm still an ordinary man. If I hadn't been a great fighter in the civil war, I would be called almost a shirker now. Yes, that's what they'd call me, a shirker!" Kirill stared as if his surprise and indignation at this state of affairs were unbelievably great. "If I didn't know you were my friend, I wouldn't dare to speak like this, but our old spirit of hope of happiness for every one is at a sorry pass. It's sad how we fought for nothing," he grumbled.

"Easy, Kirill, you know the walls have ears, as they say. You must not talk to anyone like that,

nowadays." Petya's beady, black eyes shifted uneasily in his fat face. "Not to anyone!"

"Except to you, old dear."

"Well—," Petya's face, always stolid, became blanker. Kirill looked at him in surprise, perhaps he's afraid I'm a spy of the O.G.P.U. trying to test him out, he thought.

"There's so little honest amusement nowadays. We spend all our time bending over those factory machines. Sometimes we make up little jokes during the lunch hour."

"Yes, Comrade Kirill?"

"Yes, Petya. Have you heard the latest, old dear? We were talking about the prices in the markets. Especially the new commercial shops. Masha Vassilyevna, old Vorov's daughter, told it to us. It was like this; 'Have you seen the atheist shops? No. Why atheist? Well, because the prices are ungodly!' Not so funny, but there were others. It's too bad that I never can remember jokes."

Bitterly he continued, "In America they can at least tell jokes out loud." Then with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, Petya Petrovich, that's all nonsense, eh?" He took Petya's teacup which the latter had turned upside down in the saucer. That only signified he probably would accept some more tea if it were offered to him. Kirill refilled the cup from the steaming samovar. "Here, have some more tea, won't you? You yourself, tell me about it."

"Well, Comrade Kirill," said Petya, sucking the expensive, rationed sugar, "you know, there's not much. I'm coming along pretty well, as things are. Yes, fairly well indeed."

"Well, go ahead. What about it, little brother?" encouraged Kirill as he reached up his long arm to switch on the dingy bulb hanging from the ceiling over the table. It was getting dark out and the light from the small high window was dim.

"This is our day off, and we have all the time in the world," he continued, as he sat down in the

yellow glare. The two men were thrown into sharp relief against the dark gray background.

"Well, really, Kirill," said Petya, pleased by this interest, "I joined the shock brigade in our factory just lately to help our great and marvelous Stalin, and now, well, I'm a big man in my way; I'm a pace-setter all right, and known for it too. We are allowed to buy at that new store near the Kremlin. It's better even if the price is higher. Better food and more. No waiting in line with tickets for me. I've joined the party itself."

"That's it, little brother, you join because you are a real worker. As for me, I'd join only for the good of my stomach. I don't live on ideals as some I know! What, Petya! You're not leaving already, are you? Why?" Kirill asked unhappily.

"Yes, Comrade Kirill, I must go. I have an important affair to look after." Petya had pushed himself up from his chair slowly. Now he ran his finger around inside his sweaty collar. "Thank you for the tea. Perhaps some day we might have another talk at my room in the square, but now I've got to go."

"It's really too bad, Petya," said Kirill. "Is it very urgent? This is the first time that we've seen each other for a long time, you know."

"It is urgent, Comrade Kirill. Thanks for the tea. I must hurry." Petya turned toward the door.

"Well, see you soon again, Comrade." Kirill got up as Petya opened the door and stepped over the threshold.

"Good night, Comrade," he said as he slowly closed the door behind him. Kirill sat musing over the table and the samovar, the light glaring on the table and his white forehead. "Well, times have changed, as they say, but if there were a God, I'd thank him that I have a friend left of all—Petya. What more can one want?" He lifted his head, suddenly consoled. "No one can ever understand why things are as they are."

* * * * *

He had gone to bed and had been sleeping for

half an hour when he was startled awake by a loud thumping on his door.

"Comrade Kirill, Comrade Kirill!"

Before he could think to answer, the door was rudely flung open. In the faint gleam from the moonlit street outside Kirill could make out two brawny youths as they came in. Kirill sat up, wondering.

"Comrade Kirill Nikilaevich Ramzinsky! You are under arrest for being too subversive in your opinions. We have been notified. Come with us!"

Kirill's stomach sank sickeningly. The secret police! He could feel the blood draining from his face, but he shrugged his shoulders. What could he do? What happens will happen, he remembered he had said. His white face framed the words, "How did they know?"

"Well," said the first youth, his teeth gleaming in the half-light, "you may as well know. Comrade Petya reported you. He was under suspicion for being a little too lax in his faith lately, but he has again taken his place in the hearts of the party, since he reported his best friend."

Awakening Sensations

BY ROGER S. PHILLIPS, '40

AS I lie in bed on Christmas morning, I look up and see the little Christmas tree. The cold, snowy air is blowing in through the open window, making the little silvery bells tinkle. I have been asleep for some ten hours, and as I open my eyes, I think how nice and comfortable a bed can be. This thought is suddenly interrupted by the recollection of its being Christmas, and I jump out of bed with the intention of losing no more time than necessary: there are things to be done.

As I sleep one Sunday morning, I am unconsciously aware of a loud thumping. This uncon-

sciousness blends, slowly at first but with increasing rapidity, into the realization that the noise is not part of my dream, but Father pounding on my door. Then I suddenly realize, much to my dismay, that he is awakening me just in time to go to church.

I spend the day hunting deer. I am successful in bagging a nice seven-point buck. That night about one o'clock, as I sit in the front seat of the car, wedged between the driver and another passenger, I doze off. I dream of the past day—of spending fourteen hours in the cold rain tramping over fields, through woods, across streams, over hills. I dream of killing the deer. Just as I raise my gun and fire, the car jolts. "Got 'im. Eh? Oh yes—just a dream!" I exclaim.

I spend five weeks on a small yacht. The exhaust pipes pass next to my bed, magnifying the sound of the motors. How wonderful! There I lie—not a care nor a worry—when suddenly the motors start. I get up, look out the window, see that we have cast off, go back to bed. All this in a daze, my mind a blank, no thoughts in my head. The drone of the motors and the gentle rocking lull me to sleep. When next I awaken, it is breakfast time; my companion is standing over me, just about to use some trickery in arousing me. "Ha ha—beat you to it," I say as I sit up, bumping my head on the low cabin roof.

As I soar over Maryland in a transcontinental airliner on my way to Washington for a week-end, I doze off. I have been studying some French grammar (preparation for Monday's class), but now my chair is lowered to the near-horizontal position. I doze. I dream of the joy of arriving at Washington and being met by . . . The plane lurches. I am partly awakened. My mind wonders if I am living in the same world. I have lost all sense of time and place, and as I reluctantly come to my senses, I exclaim to myself: "Only a dream! Here I am doing my French, and—oh, my God! I've missed my class!" At this point the attractive stewardess leans over me and tells me to fasten my seat belt: we are landing at Washington.



By A. T. Reiche, '41

Sun Worship

By F. R. DuBOULAY, '39

IT was that fantastical Dean of St. Paul's who first put me in mind of the sun, not only as Prime Mover and eternal verity, but as the bright being who is immanent as well as transcendent; who, in fact, understands us and is our friend.

"Busy old fool, unruly sun,

Why dost thou thus

Through windows and through curtains call on us?"

It seems as though all our youth were spent in the company of this simple friend. Remember the days when the sun wakened us,—how we gulped down

our breakfast and rushed into the garden: how we sat all morning in the apple-tree with the sun among the branches; reached out for

"the tip-top apple, the winking
sun's friend..."

and were content. And now the gates are opened and remembrance of many hours comes flooding back: the Sunday afternoons in Sussex, lying on a shady bank with a volume of Henry James; and with the sun above, and the wind in the oaks so that it might have been the sea and the dappled ground the ballet of light on the water: the sun on

the cricket field with the echo of ball on bat and the batsman calling for a run: the sun over all the countryside, sleepy, with the grasshoppers laughing in the fields, but where the indolence is precious. And the scattered cottages are sleepy too, with their lace curtains, and the old man leaning on his spade, and the white walls that outstare the sun.

And the songs we sang and the books we read in the summer seem to stay longer by us, and the rhythms and the happiness of those days stand as memorials year by year and touch even succeeding winters with summer's alchemy.

So, when Wilfrid Owen, who understood these things, told in "Futility" of the young soldier killed in France, what could he say but

"Move him into the sun.

Gently its touch awoke him once. . . ."

And as the great bitterness welled up in him, he found there was only one comforter and solace in whom he might confide completely:

"If anything might wake him now,
The kind old sun will know."

Not only as the friend with whom our childhood was associated and early days instinctively and unreflectingly woven does the sun transpire, but as a greater symbol.

Once, before the thorough unlearning of simplicity, there was Heraclitus to whom all was compound of fire, the supreme fire, the one visible god-head, who made a daily and tremendous manifestation of himself.

The Classics, with the simplicity of genius still in them, went in awe of Phoebus Apollo, and built round him strange tales which children told their children until the origin and the very being of their deity was entangled in a cycle of enduring fascination.

And Zoroaster came, and continued the tradition: and the Desert Fathers ran away into the wild places, where the heat of the sun drove them to their meditations and brought them nearer to their

Christ. And always it was Light that symbolized the good, the beautiful, the true. Anchorite or poet, there was strength in the symbol, and strength in their singular rites:

"Looking into the heart of light, the silence."

From the religious ardour and more abstract power furnished by the sun to his adorers of all ages, we may turn to those tenderer fancies which the sun symbolizes and inspires into being.

"How strangely this sun reminds me of my love. . . ."

And through poetry of all the years this image recurs. A smile, a glance, a touch of hands on a summer's day,—these moments thank the sun for his blessing. And the sun, who is incomparable, invites the great comparison with the Beloved.

"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?"

It was all the psalmist could do to give answer. For it was the Beloved.

Small wonder that the ancients worshipped him, and small wonder that the sun can move us to these so various moods. We have laughed at him and prayed to him and heeded not a bit that glistening Phaethon must too come down and vanish before unruly jades. And when at last even God slides out of heaven, if we are sad at this greater symbolism of the sunset, there remains at least that glorious consolation in the west. Look up:

"Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein."

And remember, like Horace, that love dies, but not our friend; and day gives place to day.



On Hobbies

BY HEWITT A. CONWAY, '39

I used to be very worried because I had no hobby. This may not seem very important to some of you who have not been the object of a determined campaign to make you take up a hobby, but it really does destroy one's morale if it is drubbed into one's head enough. "Get a hobby; relax your mind; you will feel better, work better, be better for it." Why I even found myself lying awake in bed for long periods of time, worrying about the hobby that I didn't have. I became nervous and jittery, and I would growl at strangers for days on end. In a frenzy I started to collect the pips off Tom Thumb playing cards, but that didn't interest me for long. Then I spoke to a friend of mine about it, and he told me to listen in to a program on the radio called Hobby Lobby. Perhaps that would suggest something to me.

From then on life became drudgery for me. I heard of a man who had built a house out of tin cans. So I dashed downstairs with hope in my heart, only to have it dashed to the ground. That was not to be my pastime, for the cook had thrown out the tin cans, and all she had left was a Bayer's Aspirin box, and obviously that wasn't enough with which to start building a house. On reflecting I discovered that I didn't have any need for a house, and that I didn't have any room for it anyway, except in the cellar, but who would want to live there? So that hobby was ruled out.

The next week I listened to the program, there was a woman who collected baby-carriages. I thought about that for a little while, but I soon decided that that was not to be my avocation. It simply didn't have the lure that I wanted. Also there was a man who built exact replicas of old-time ferris-wheels out of match-sticks. That night I went down to the grocery store and bought ten boxes of stick matches and a few jars of glue. I

brought these articles home with me, but no ferris-wheels appeared. In fact, my hands became so covered with glue that I had to soak them in Chipso for two hours. Later, I sat down and had a great time burning up the matches. So I discarded that hobby. And still I was a man without a hobby.

The following week it was announced that President Roosevelt collected stamps. Immediately I began to quake with fear and terror, for how was I to be successful if I didn't have a hobby like that? That fear was strengthened when I went to a movie only to discover to my abject horror and dismay that a certain Grandpa Vanderhoff also saved stamps. And he had more friends than you could count on a centipede's toes. Was I then doomed to go without friends and success if I didn't save stamps? I wrung my hands in despair and went home only to cry myself to sleep.

My story of stamp collecting is not a happy one. It started off in a blaze of glory. The first night I pasted one hundred and twenty-three stamps in my album, and then went to bed to get a good night's sleep for the first time in two weeks. The next day saw signs of weakening appear. I no longer had the old zest when I stuck a stamp in my album. I didn't like the taste in my mouth. But it was only when cakes of mucilage fell off my teeth when I brushed them, that I decided that that sort of thing couldn't last. So I threw the book out the window with great glee.

And so things went on. For a while I collected pencil stubs; then it was match box covers; then bits of string; but I didn't find what I sought. I did jigsaw puzzles till I saw irregularly shaped pieces of cardboard in my dreams. I did cross-word puzzles, and cryptograms, to no avail. I soon became bored stiff with all of these. I was told to take up the art of the candid-camera. I enjoyed that, but soon my

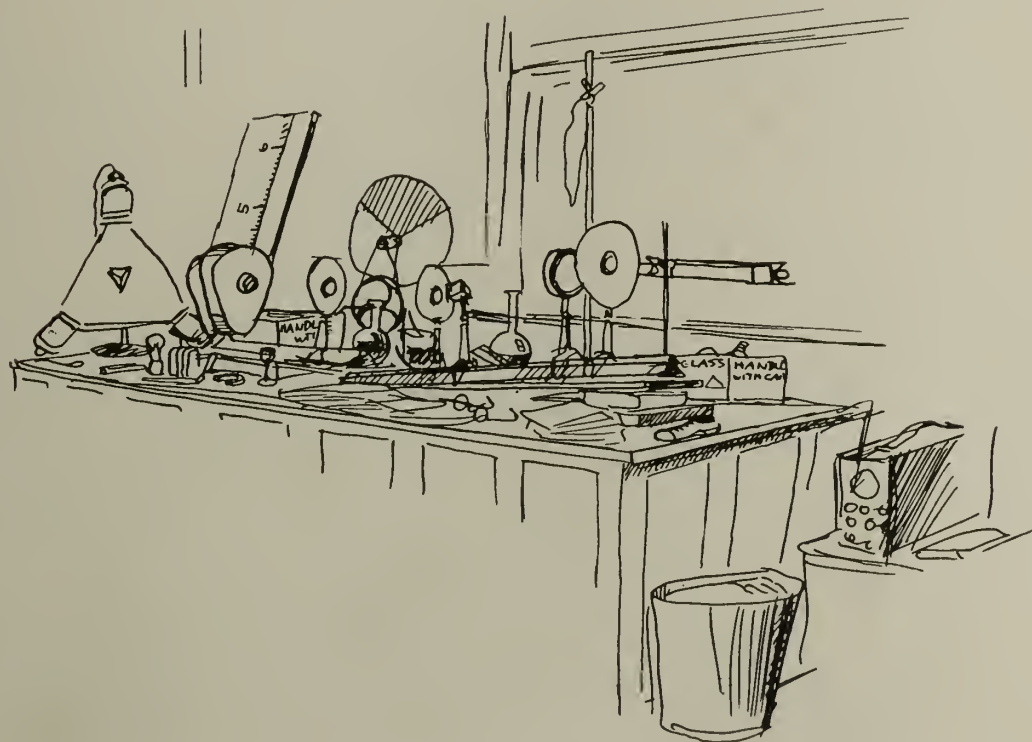
friends began to spurn me and I was forced to give it up. On Hobby-Lobby there was a man who could stop his heart at will. I was tempted to try that, thinking how much I could be the life of the party, but fear dissuaded me. I collected jokes, but most of them were so terrible that I was made to give that hobby up, apprehensive that I might go mad.

And then one morning when I woke up, it all became clear to me. In the twinkling of an eye, I knew what my hobby was to be. No longer was I to go without sleep; no longer to growl at strangers. Now I was to be happy. For, from then on, I collected the names of people and their silly hobbies.

Speed

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

The comet's brilliant tail of light,
An arrow in celestial flight
Like lightning's flash when storm clouds break—
It leaves behind its fiery wake—
For speed, more speed, the world has sought,
And yet when seeing this I thought
Have not our speedsters searched in vain?
True speed we mortals will not gain;
The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars
Have speed and ease surpassing ours.
So why for speed will people try,
When speed is vested in the sky?



Jupiter and Cronus

BY RICHARD W. PETERS, '39

Euterpe and Calliope,
Ye Muses I invoke.
Without thy inspiration true
No poet ever spoke.

The turning cycle of the years
Changes our mortal state.
Immortals too, our Gods on high,
In time are ruled by Fate.

Time waits for none; the ages pass,
As coursing planets swing.
The young becomes the hoary old;
The slave becomes the king.

The upper hand becomes the low;
Time's friend is Destiny.
The one who sat upon the throne
Is now nonentity.



Old Cronus on his airy seat,
His bearded face with care
Is lined. Like Ferdinand he gasps
On pain-wracked, gilded chair.

He squirms and writhes; his stomach gripes;
His belches, agony.
No wonder, in that cavern dank
Are his own progeny.

That Titan Cronus, cunning, shrewd,
By Gaea had brought forth
Six godlike infants, one by one.
We now attest their worth.

First Pluto, Neptune (King of Sea),
Juno and Ceres fair,
And Vesta, goddess of the hearth,
And last, great Jupiter.

Their father, warned in days of old
By oracle on high,
His offspring born would vanquish him,
Resolved that they should die.

He opened his capacious maw;
His mouth he opened wide.
Down he swallowed them, one by one,
His infants, Gaea's pride.

Like innocents and youth today,
When oysters first they eat,
His stomach soon refused to work.
It really was no treat.

Of all that squalling brood
Fair Gaea saved but one.
Instead of giving Jupiter
She gave her spouse a stone.

He swallowed down the rounded stone;
He did not see his prey.
The taste! "My God, he's better gone."
Was all that he could say.

Young Jupiter in swaddling clothes
 Was bundled off to Crete.
 With Ida and Adrastea
 He lived on goats' milk sweet.

One day when he was in his prime,
 Old Gaea, worthy dame,
 Then bid him sally to revenge
 This deed of old ill-fame.

When Jupiter, alias Zeus,
 Th' Olympian home had reached,
 With direful cry the aegis bearer
 Said, "Cronus is impeached!"

"Alas!" the hoary-headed sire
 Out gasps as he espies
 Alecto, patron of remorse,
 Is filling him with sighs.

His belly bulges, bouncing 'round.
 His children stir and quake.
 The infants having faith in Zeus
 That soon their pen he'll break.

My tale's soon told; my moral's plain;
 You soon will hear in full.
 Brave Jupiter his father struck;
 He bellowed like a bull.

Sire Cronus of the hoary locks
 Disgorged his offspring great.
 Now you shall think on what I've told,
 And know the wiles of Fate.

Old Cronus, mighty king of old,
 Is now nonentity.
 While Jupiter, his youngest son,
 Sits higher far than he.

So now, ye sires of mortal men,
 Your offspring don't abuse.
 They'll only pay you back some day,
 And that I wouldn't choose.

The upper hand becomes the low;
 Time's friend is Destiny.
 The ones who sit upon the throne
 Are soon nonentity.

Sam

BY D. B. BARSAMIAN, '40

THE snow had been falling all night long. Old Sam woke up at four-thirty as usual. He slowly walked to the window which was crusted with snow. He began to put on his clothes. It was on a morning like this that Clara, his wife, had passed away. She was the perfect wife—simple, honest, and loving. Sam had now been living there in the old farmhouse alone for almost twenty years. Age was beginning to show itself on his dark face. He liked to sit and think alone. He had two cows and a few chickens. He always managed to live through these hard winters—he farmed corn during the summer and earned just enough to carry him along.

Sam felt a little weary that morning. Getting up so early and in such a cold room was beginning to show its effects on him. He slowly picked up his old pail and lantern and started towards the barn. He stumbled through the snow which was beginning to pile up. He had always loved snow and wind. He put up his face towards the hazy sky so that it would catch the cold gusts. Sam felt a little queer—he began to remember things about Clara. She was beautiful—he stood in the cold and drew out her picture which was in his pocket—how he yearned for her. He felt especially close to her that morning.

He arrived at the barn and milked the two cows and fed his chickens. Still Clara was in his mind.

He stumbled back towards the farmhouse—he felt very, very tired—not tired from overwork, but just tired. Then all of a sudden something happened—he stumbled and fell. Clara seemed to be drawing closer and closer. He saw her again—he was happy. For three whole days the snow continued to fall.



The Chess Player

BY WALTER L. PUTERBAUGH, '41

IN describing facial expressions, a background of some sort must be had. I am fortunate in finding an excellent background for my subject. I have caught him at a chess game! During the course of an ordinary chess game, a careful observer may note almost all the facial expressions which can be made. They may be fleeting, lasting only a split second, but they are there, both the pleasant and the disagreeable ones.

At the opening move of the game, an eager expression lights up the face of my subject. The clear brown eyes, the whites a trifle bloodshot, seem to protrude. The half-opened lips, their ends a wee bit curled in a smile, display a set of yellowish white teeth, the lower center one of which is broken, and the top center one slightly nicked. His eyes and his slightly bushy eyebrows rise. Angrily, he pushes back the locks of straight brown hair that obscure his vision of the all-important board.

Suddenly a look of puzzlement steals over his face, as his opponent fails to return the required move in answer to his opening. His brows knit together, lowering themselves until a small roll of skin forces his eyes into a more closed position. He looks over the board carefully, his features set. The somewhat puckered lips accentuate the curve on his slightly bulbous "pug" nose. Tenseness is written on his face, as he awaits the reply to his move. Again his features are set. The almost insignificant lowering of the eyebrows and the bent shoulders emphasize the tenseness of the scene.

The room becomes quiet. He rests his head on his hand, or absent-mindedly scratches some dandruff from his bushy hair.

A look of surprise steals across his face like the sudden turning on of a light in a dark room, as his friendly "enemy" makes a seemingly unimportant move. He straightens up. His eyes open wide and his mouth follows suit. He looks at his adversary as if to say, "Why in the world did you move there?" He scans the board still harder, searching in vain for a trap.

Suddenly, with a little jerk, he straightens up. Relief spreads over his face, as with one quick move he ruins the scheme of his antagonist. The look of tenseness has been replaced by a look of calm, punctuated only by the blink of an eye.

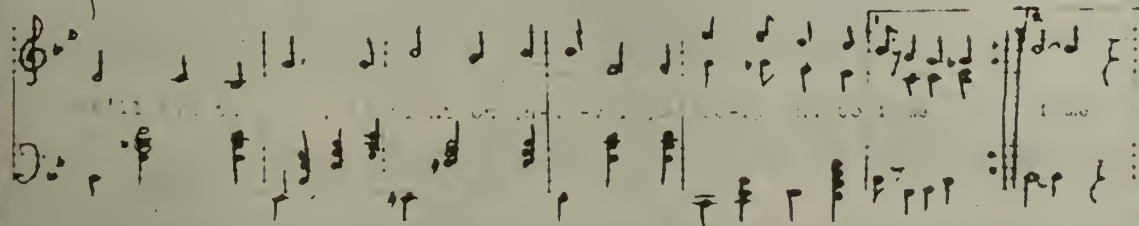
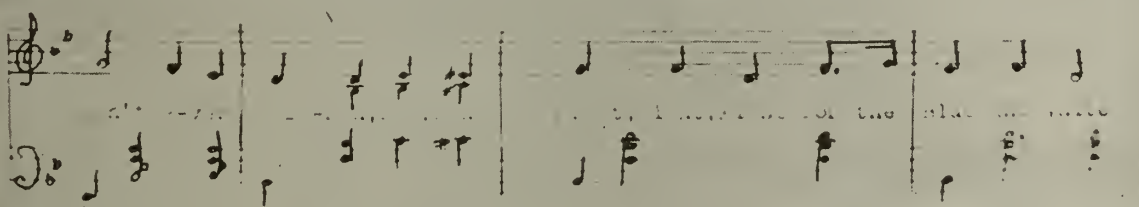
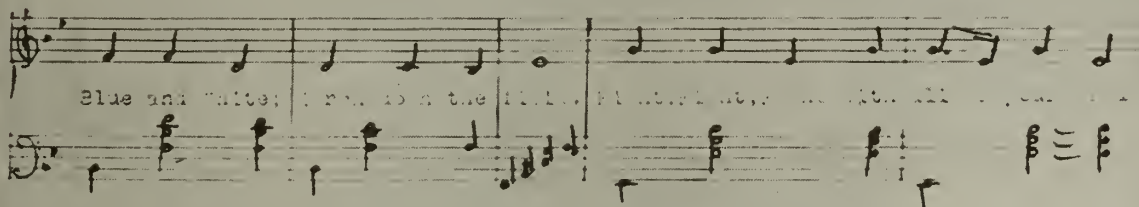
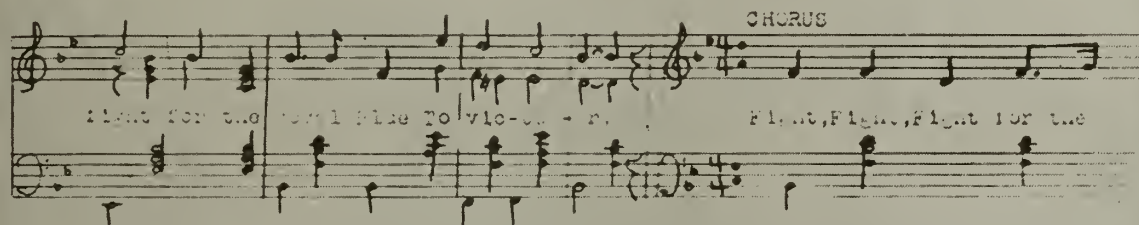
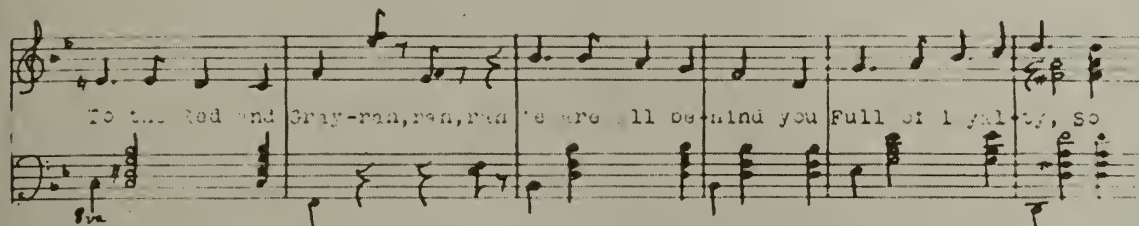
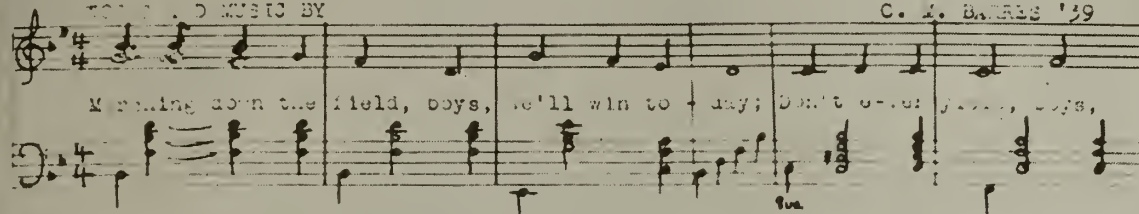
Swiftly, like a shot, he sees a counter attack. His face takes on a commonplace expression, for in chess, a "poker face" is as necessary as in poker. He absently rubs one of the pimples with which the skin of his face is covered, or idly plays with the fuzz on his chin and upper lip. His slower witted companion falls for the trap. Then, like a bolt from the blue, he utters the fatal word, "Check-mate." He smiles at the crowd, which is as much amazed at the sudden mate as is his bewildered opponent.

His look of victory changes as his plucky antagonist congratulates him. He says a few consoling words, and sinks down in a chair, utterly exhausted.

FIGHT FOR THE BLUE AND WHITE

COMPOSED MUSIC BY

C. M. BARRIS '39



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Above is pictured the original copy of Andover's new swing marching song, as it was given to the music department. Minor changes have been made, but it has remained essentially the same.

The Tapestry

BY WILLIAM C. BREWER, '39

EARLY on the evening of a dark and humid summer day, the footsteps of a man were heard, following the ancient trail that leads through the Balkan mountains. The path was little used, and would long ago have been swallowed up, had the trees not blocked out every ray of sunlight.

The floor of the surrounding forest was a hard black mold, spreading an unhealthy odor over the entire region. As a result, animal life was entirely lacking, and the droning of countless insects could be heard at night. There were no signs of human habitation anywhere, no cleared areas, no trees fallen except by the force of the wind. The path, at this point, climbed a series of small hills, where the black native rock sometimes pushed through.

The man was walking slowly, and was often obliged to stop to make sure of his direction. It was becoming increasingly evident that he would be unable to continue after darkness had descended, for no light from the moon or stars could possibly penetrate the heavy foliage above him. The evening promised rain, and as yet he had no shelter for the night. He had covered many leagues that day, and his weary body protested every further step.

Yes, he had climbed high mountains and crossed deep rivers, and still his endless search went on. How many weary, fruitless years had he spent—was it four, six, or even ten? The sunny days at the University came to his mind, his cottage on the hill, the laughing students around their flagons of good German beer. He could remember every one of them, as though it were yesterday. Then, the old monk and his manuscript, the weeks of study and translation, and finally, the preparations for this search. How easy it seemed then—a week, perhaps two, and he would find it.

But months passed, with no success. He wandered alone over the bleak hills, his money gone, always seeking. The neighboring tribes grew to fear him, thinking him a wandering devil. Slowly he plunged deeper and deeper into the wilderness. As the years passed, legends grew up about this strange man, with his long hair and gleaming eyes.

Yet some day he would return. Men would call him the greatest scholar of the generation, and wealth and fame would be his for the rest of his days. He would go back to the University in triumph, a wise and famous man. No more would they scoff at his beliefs, or laugh at his dry and ancient manuscripts. But first, he must find the proof. . . .

And now, this story of the old shepherds. How strangely it checked with the description in the crumbling parchment! "In that section of the mountains," the old man had said, "lies a vast and ancient ruin." At the thought, the scholar's faltering steps grew faster. There could not be much farther to go.

The towering trunks on each side of him began to take on the form of looming black shadows, and the bronze glow of the sunset was reflected on the chattering leaves above. The gnarled old roots reached up from the soil to catch at the feet of the unwary. The high-pitched droning of insects was the only sound that rose in the heavy air. The noise of his progress was hushed by the damp mold of the path.

Many centuries ago, this very trail had rung with the shouts of warriors, and the sun had shone on nearby fields of wheat and rye. Legends told of towering cities built of hard black stone, and of some unknown race, whose genius far outstripped

the men of later years. All this had passed. No man lived there now.

At last, stumbling on rocks concealed by the night, the traveler emerged into an opening. The forest had dropped away from him to reveal a dark and forbidding evening sky. The far border of the clearing could faintly be seen, a dim wall whose jagged top waved slowly against the night clouds. A wind from the East was slowly coming up.

But the man saw none of these, and stopped in silent fear. For in the center of the clearing there could vaguely be made out a towering ruin of hard black stone. No tree or plant grew near its walls; only those mosses found on things long dead spread their creepers over the decaying earth. The forest itself seemed to draw back in horror before this ageless intruder.

Thunder rumbled, and the scholar stepped forward to take shelter from the oncoming storm. The ruined doorway of the structure swallowed him up, as the darkness rolled over the forest in ever increasing waves.

The dirt of ages lay undisturbed on the floor inside. As the wind moaned in through the broken roof, the feeble torch he carried hissed and sputtered. The heavy stones of the walls had in many places separated from the ancient cement, leaving jagged openings in the once smooth surface. A dead silence reigned when the wind ceased.

Slowly making his way into the darker and more distant chambers, stumbling over piles of long-forgotten refuse, the man sought a place to sleep. The torch he carried threw a yellow and sickly gleam around his movements, and made the tomb-like walls on his either hand seem all the blacker. Above him to the vault of the roof there was only emptiness.

As the sound of the wind died out behind him, the scholar approached a grim and forbidding door, set well into the decaying wall. Its bolts and chains were corroded beyond all recognition, and at his curious touch, fell with an echoing crash. Whatever

lay within had in ancient times been well guarded. Now, it would be the work of a moment to enter. As the silence swallowed up the noise of the falling bolts, he slowly put his weight on the ancient door. It opened with a muffled groan, the rotten wood splintering, and falling heavily to the ground. Yet its hinges, rusted as they were, swung with an ease that defied the ages.

Inside was blackness, complete and all-consuming. No ray from the outside world lit up the dark outlines of what was within, and the torch threw its dying beams into the emptiness above and on all sides. The man stepped boldly forward. He advanced some ten paces, his footsteps muffled by the moss on the stone slabs of the floor. Even the wierd whistle of the wind had died, and there was nothing but silence. Then suddenly he stopped, awestruck, and breathless!

For the light of the torch had shown him color ahead—color and figures and scenes. He rushed forward wildly, his torch held far above him.

There, in its gleam, hung a mammoth tapestry, its colors as fresh as the day, long ages before, when some unknown hand had hung it there. Its tiny figures moved before his eyes in the story of some long dead king. Battles were fought, kingdoms were taken, and men died strange and horrible deaths under the rays of a burning sun. It was a priceless thing, guarded through the centuries in this vault of heavy stone.

The man gasped, and halted—fascinated by the monstrous thing before him. Through the long ages it had hung there, terrible and yet wonderful, cursed by the lifeblood of a thousand slaves. The ancient manuscript had not lied, for in front of him hung the Great Tapestry. His search was ended, and he was well rewarded.

Suddenly, there came a rumbling and a roaring from the darkness behind. The scholar turned, dashed back. And with agonized eyes he saw the huge arch above the doorway begin to fall, crashing piece by piece. Deprived of the support of the

door, the rotten mortar had given way, loosing the great black stones.

Horried, the man watched blocks of granite thunder into the opening, slowly sealing his sole means of exit. To dash forward immediately might mean freedom—and yet behind lay incalculable riches but for the taking!

He hesitated but for an instant, and then darted back and tore at the tapestry. But at his frantic grasp, the ancient cloth, rotted by centuries, dissolved into dry and powdery dust. The remains of the mighty work drifted slowly to the floor.

Madly he fled back to the door, but it was too late. The opening had disappeared under countless tons of rock.

His hoarse cry was drowned by the thunder of the last stone. The torch flickered, and went out.

A Student's Thoughts on Reading Swinburne

(With apologies to C. A. Swinburne)

BY CHARLES W. MULCAHY, '39

We are not sure of passing;
Honours were never sure.
Culture has no tomorrow;
Marks stoop to no man's lure.
And Learning grown faint and fretful,
Sighs, and, with eyes regretful,
Weeps that no grades endure.

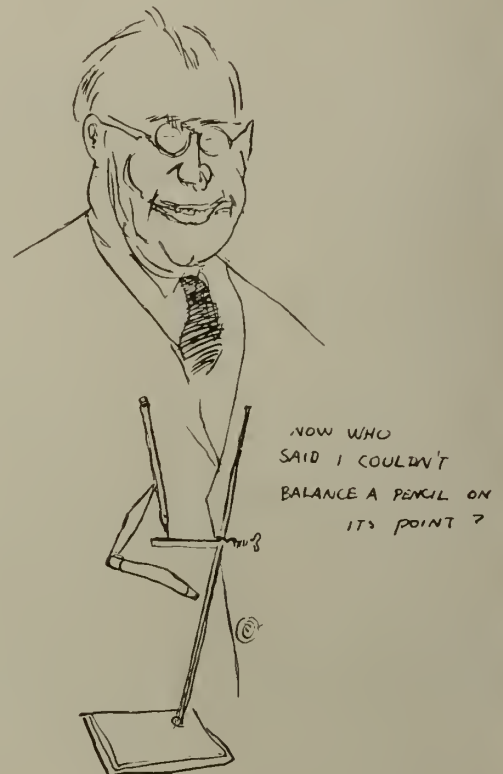
From too much love of dicking,
From chapel and class set free;
We thank with brief thanksgiving,
The gods of the faculty;
That no term lasts forever,
That text-books rise up never,
That e'en the weariest Junior
Eventually is set free.

The Stars Look Down

BY O. M. BARRES, '39

The stars look down on "Nature's holy plan"
And grieve to see the never-ending race,
To see what foolish man has done to man
All through the ages by his pointless pace.
They wonder why each soul thinks his few years
Important in the ceaseless earthly strife,
And why he wastes his fleeting time on tears—
For years are but a moment in their life.

The stars look down through humble heaven's eyes
And wonder why we are not humble too,
Why when we think that we are great and wise,
We don't look up at them and change our view.
The stars look down and sadly reminisce,
"It was and shall be evermore like this."



I Worship Lao-Shan

BY GEORGE O. RICHARDSON, JR., '39

MY little boy is crying. His head is hot. The lids of his eyes are swollen red. His fever must be quite high and I have no money to buy the favor of the gods or some of the white foreigners' magic medicine. What am I to do? If I rock you gently, little Au-Wei, will you go to sleep? If I croon to you stories of ancient heroes, will you stop your fretting? It's no use, the poor little man-child is so very sick. I must go out and beg a few coppers. Just a few coppers, that's all I'll need to appease Lao-Shan, the Goddess of Sickness. I must have done something wicked in her eyes to bring such sickness on little Au-Wei. There, there, big son, lie quiet here for a short while, just a short while, then your sickness will leave you and you'll run again in the alleys. I must hurry to the temple. The rich merchants are returning to their homes. It will be a likely place to beg a few coppers. Ah ya, but the North-wind God is cruel tonight. Probably his wife, the West-wind, didn't prepare his rice as sweet as he likes it. This old coat is getting very thin. I must find work, or both my son and I will die. Ah, here's the Temple—and here's a sheltered spot in this moon gate. No—I better not stand there—passers-by won't notice me till they've gone past. Here, here's the spot—right near this meat shop window. Kind sir, please, a few coppers for a child in distress. I'm cold, hungry, my baby's sick. . . . just a copper to buy incense. No, he wouldn't give me anything! His face is too hard. He's too satisfied with his own importance. Ah. . . . here is an official—oh mighty sir, spare me a copper. Hunger, cold, sickness are my lot, please give me a. . . . Ah, five coppers he gave me! Now to hurry inside and buy incense. Shall I buy five one-copper incense sticks or one five-copper stick? I must buy them! Over to the left is my Goddess's temple. There she is, mysterious in the gloom. Oh most exalted one, I, a

humble peasant, ask your mercy. My son, Au-Wei, is sick, oh so very sick. Let me appease your wrath with this very fine five-copper incense stick. Please, Goddess of the Sick, hear my prayer. . . . Now I must hurry home. Little Au-Wei will be frightened. I am very tired. . . . but my little boy is better. Yes, I feel it in my breast. He is better, yes, much better.

Lament of the Lovelorn

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

I wish I were a buttercup
With pretty petals gay,
And then perhaps she'd pick me up
And take me on her way.

Or if I were a bobbie-pin
To hold her golden hair—
That is what I should have been
And follow'd everywhere.

Perhaps a golden wedding-band
Would be a better fate,
For happily I'd clasp her hand,
And blissfully I'd wait.

Or better yet a cocktail
To brush her ruby lips
And make her mind to halt and fail
And hold her in my grips.

If only I were one of these
I'd realize my dreams—
But I can't have whate'er I please
In life and love it seems.

Pink Toothbrush

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

HAVE you ever been confronted by a pink-toothbrush advertisement in which you are informed that a certain charming lady is "Dazzling—until she smiles" or "Beautiful—but dumb?" Most of us have, and if you haven't, you have a treat coming. Did you ever have pink toothbrush? I haven't, nor have many of the people I know. But yet we read that if we do not immediately change to X brand of tooth paste our gums will become flabby and our teeth will start falling out.

After they finish with our teeth the advertisers ascend to our scalp to warn us that our hair will start falling out if we continue to use water on it and do not forthwith change to Y brand of hair tonic. Y hair tonic certainly has a glamorous smell, but beyond that it is composed chiefly of alcohol and perfume.

But the most numerous attacks are centered on our nervous and digestive systems. "An apple a day" has become an aspirin a day, and we are taught to take a cod liver oil pill before every meal. We eat a certain brand of candy, because it is nationally advertised as "rich in healthful dextrose," or, in other words, it is made of sugar. We spend about five hours out of every year reading similar colorful hash. If we are familiar with the pulp magazines we need no introduction to "health" ads; splashed across every page we find columns and columns of advertisements of "Herb Elixir," "Vegetable Compound," "Bowel Purge," et cetera ad infinitum.

In the better magazines we learn that coffee is healthful, that we should wake up our liver bile, and that by eating a certain brand of breakfast food be "regular"—win friends. We read about Mr. Coffee Nerves and how he became a new man after drinking Z beverage, or about Dr. Kindly

who warns parents against giving their children anything but Blank's Blankoria. We are told in glowing words how we, too, can give our nerves a rest by smoking a certain kind of cigarette.

And health resorts prey on our diminutive sales-resistance. Sunny this and sunny that—the call for beauty and health. To be healthy according to what we read, a person would spend:

- 3 months on the *Empress of Britain* World Cruise
- 3 weeks at Sun Valley
- 1 week at Pecketts'
- 2 months in California
- 2 months in Newport
- 1 month in New York City
- 2 months in Florida

and probably one month resting up. Health resorts are a menace to our already crumbling society for we are beginning to lose our sense of stability, becoming a vast nomadic nation, always hell-bent for somewhere, but never arriving. Blame it on the advertising.

In these peregrinations of ours we have probably come across subway trains, buses, and trolleys. In these vehicles we meet all kinds of pathological cases of health advertising. Cold cures are the most common—we read that such and such a compound or tonic will clear up that cold, or that we should use X drops or Y syrup, containing carotene, the new vitamin G. But it is a well-known fact that medicine cures a cold in fourteen days and that a cold, if let go, disappears in two weeks. We cannot forget the "Get rid of that dull, sluggish feeling" placards that dazzle the unsuspecting traveler, nor the "Women past 40—Notice!" ads whose cure has the remarkable claim to greatness that it is just the kind of medicine for the kind of people who need that kind of medicine. And thus

it goes—driving along the road we are almost scared into the ditch by a flamboyant “Be wise, Alkalize!”

It would require reams of paper to list the advertisements that victimize public health (and gullibility). Electrical appliance manufacturers, grocers, life insurance companies, all are guilty. Perhaps it would be a good idea to compress all the health ads that ever have been or will be written into one monthly magazine called “Digest—various aspects of simulated illness.” Of course this magazine would be thrown into the wastebasket unopened and American democracy would have made another step forward.

Love

By J. N. MILLER, '39

When you wait for her for hours while she rouges
up her cheek,
When you hold her pudgy fingers and you think
they're long and sleek,
When she wears those sloppy dresses and you
only murmur “chic,”
Is it love?

When she stomps around the dance-floor, and you
really thinks she slides,
When she bounces down the stair-way and it seems
to you she glides,
When you only mutter “Yes, dear” when your best
friends she derides,
Is it love?

When you gaze upon her greenish eyes and see
an azure blue,
When they say she weighs one-sixty, but you say
one-twenty-two,
When they tell you that she's knock-kneed but her
legs seem straight to you,
Is it love?

Well, it's not the mange.



The Impossible Interview

ANCOVER

ABBOT

Hullo.

Oh, hello!

Gee, yur purty.

You don't mean it, do you? Honest?

Yup

Uh-huh, this's sure
swell candy. (crunching)
Uh-huh. (crunching)

You're grand!

Say, uh, 'fore I go, wull
yu come t' th' Prom with
me? Hwaw!

Oh, heaven is too kind!

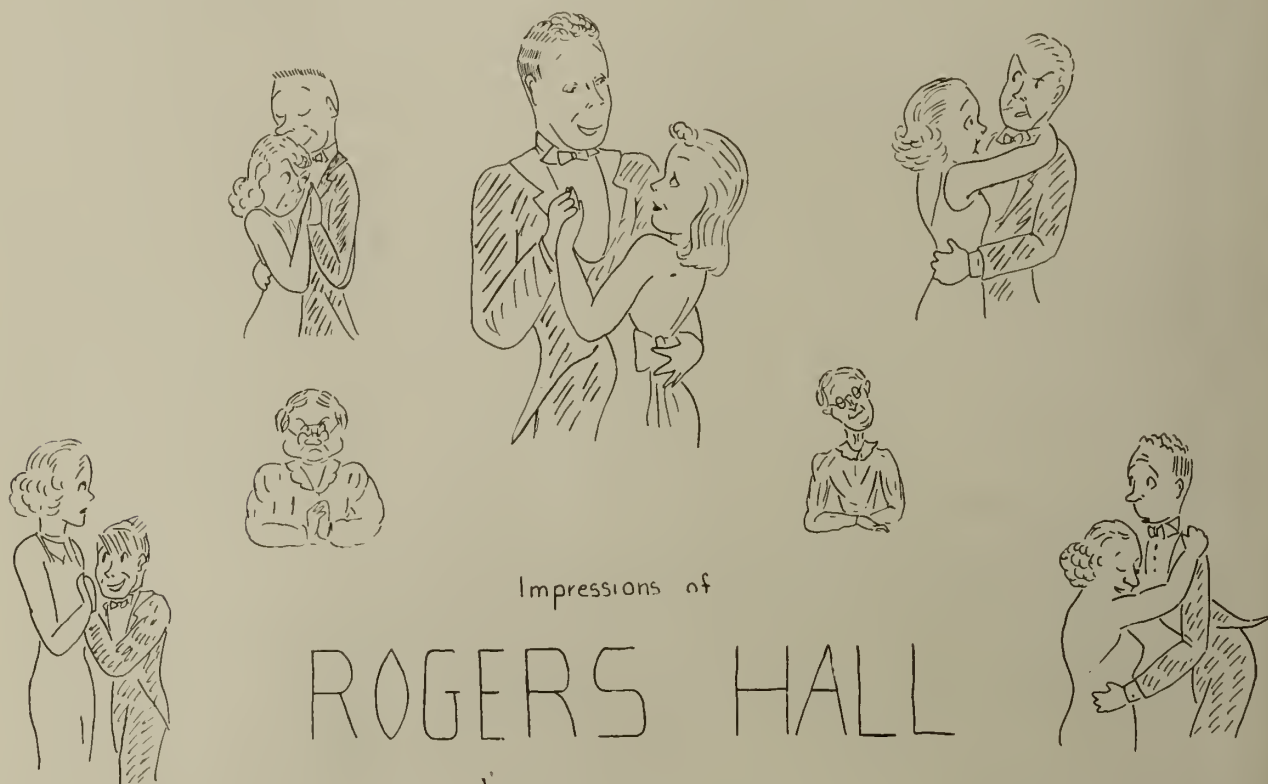
Reviews

BY P. S. JENNISON, '40

Disputed Passage by Lloyd C. Douglas

This latest book by the author of *Green Light* and *Magnificent Obsession* is an account of the lives of four unusual and outstanding characters. The reader is first introduced to Dr. Milton Forrester, "Tubby," as his students and associates call him, who is an egotistical, savagely sarcastic genius, and a perfect terror in the classroom. In the first meeting of his anatomy class at the opening of the school year at the Medical College, he is annoyed by handsome Jack Beaven who not only stands up un-

der his remarks but gets back at him as well, much to the delight of the rest of the class. There springs up mutual dislike in both of them, but to everyone's amazement they go on working together even after Jack has graduated. They see in each other kindred spirits working toward a common goal, but both of them are too proud to admit it. Forming a contrast to these two serious men of science is a genial, philosophic country practitioner, whose ideals and practices are ridiculed by the research



men who are interested only in the scientific side of the cases which are brought in. Dr. Cunningham, however, believes scientific treatment to be only half the cure; he advocates more attention to the humanistic side of the case. An exotic girl who has been born and brought up in China and has been imbued with the spirit of the East wins Jack's heart, but he is torn between his work and his love. The exciting climax solves the problems, however, and the story is brought to a satisfactory ending. *Disputed Passage* is more than just another book about doctors; it is a gripping, enthralling tale which holds you fascinated to the last page, and once you have read the book it is easy to see why so many critics have acclaimed it so highly and why it is among the leaders of the best-seller list.

Alone by Richard E. Byrd . . .

Many people, including your reviewer, have wondered what prompted Admiral Byrd to isolate himself so completely for five months of the Antarctic night on what seemed such a pointless mission. In this book, which is a complete and detailed record of that time with extracts from his diary which he kept faithfully up to date, the author starts out by explaining why he did it. It seems that the original plan was to have sent three men, other than himself, to man Advance Base, but when it became increasingly evident that they would be unable to transfer the necessary supplies across the 150 miles of treacherous barrier, he decided to go alone. He rather welcomed the chance to be alone and to read the books and play the music that he had never had time to before, but he was aware of the dangers of this hazardous undertaking. The book describes fully the half-underground shack and all the mass of gear and supplies that were packed into it. From the very first day he had trouble with the fumes from the stove, for they had lost a section of stovepipe in transit and had rigged up a makeshift connection. Byrd knew very little about operating a radio, so it was necessary for the operators at Little America to give him lessons so he could maintain a regular radio schedule

with them. It seems impossible to imagine such terrifically cold temperatures to which he was subjected all the time. When he got out of his sleeping bag in the morning it was forty degrees below zero in his room, for he was forced to leave the door into the ice tunnels open to clear the air. Very often the temperature outside went to sixty and seventy below. The book is very humorous in spots, particularly where Byrd describes his attempts to cook without a cookbook and some of the culinary monsters he created. It was necessary for him to decide in the morning what he wanted for supper, for it would take all day for meat to thaw out. Since Advance Base was established primarily for recording weather conditions, Byrd had a set daily schedule of readings and reports to take. It was so cold that the ink in the pens inside the shack had to be mixed with glycerine to keep it from freezing. He describes his struggles to keep alive when he was deathly ill for weeks with monoxide poisoning, and the reader is amazed that he ever survived. All this time he managed somehow to keep up his radio contact with Little America, but he never told them how sick he was. When you have finished this book, you cannot help but feel a great deal of admiration for this gallant man, as he describes his experiences in this intensely interesting and unusual adventure in the unknown.

Faith

BY R. B. HEARNE, '39

Upon a hill, above a plain, discerned for miles
around,
A sturdy tree stands silent—majestic from the
ground.
Though scarred by storms, and winds, and cold,
By snow and rain of years untold;
Its gnarled and knotted branches wave,
Defiant symbols of the brave.

Eternium

BY JOHN WALTER SULLIVAN, '39

THE shouts of the people on shore faded away, and with each passing moment it became more and more difficult to distinguish the crowd from the surrounding sand, trees, and buildings. In a short time they too faded away until all we could discern was a faint grey line on the horizon difficult to separate from the low-hanging, like-colored fog about it.

Two hours had passed. The freshening breeze had dispersed all remaining wisps of fog and the morning sun shone relentlessly down upon us. There was no noise whatsoever, except for the swish of the waves breaking past the prow of our boat and an occasional creaking of the mast and rigging.

We were cutting across the wind to obtain the greatest possible speed. Where we were going, we didn't know—we didn't care. We were just racing across the sea, leaving all else behind. Never a word was spoken. Utmost silence reigned between the members of the crew of three on the deck of our little craft. Time passed swiftly by.

The shadow of the mast stretched farther. The sky now became slightly overcast, the wind stiffened and the waves roughened. Thunder-clouds arose from out of the west, and soon the pent-up fury of a thousand winds burst upon us. Our craft was boiling through the water at an incredible speed.

We were sailing faster and faster. We might have run before the wind, but, with the folly of youth and little fear of death in our hearts, we preferred to quarter the gale that was now blowing. And then it happened. With every inch of canvas spread, the strain on the mast was far too great. . .

it snapped in two, and the boat, now out of control, spun madly about. The waves loomed high; over into the foaming sea we went. I was entangled in the ropes; I couldn't get to the surface; my body screamed for air. The strain on my lungs was agonizing. As I had no alternative, I opened my mouth and I felt the water rushing into my strangling body. My heart beat madly and my temples throbbed. I realized then that facing me—was death! The appearance of Death had always been an intriguing mystery to me. Now I was to meet *it* at last.

I grew suddenly weak and sank into a semi-conscious state. I was confined no longer to the space beneath the overturned boat. I seemed to become larger like a balloon, and lighter. I was swelling, growing. The whole world was before me. I was so large that the entire universe was my home. And then I passed into oblivion.

* * * * *

Countless ages have passed. But here on the other side of the veil, time means nothing. There is only eternity. And for me there is no peace. I am doomed to wander throughout the universe till my body on earth is buried.

I continually think of that sailing voyage and of how different things might have been if we had never gone. Life was pleasant for me; I enjoyed it.

Sometimes on a moonlight night I like to go and stand on that sandy, far-off shore to gaze with sad regrets at the broken derelict of my washed-up ship. And then I look out on the sea, where some place, battered and bruised by storms of wind and of ocean, my body lies—unburied.

—and Cabbages and Kings

BY EDWARD H. MAHONEY, '40

JUST plain thinking is a form of enjoyment seldom indulged in in this fast modern world of ours. It is really quite simple—merely sit and muse over something without arguing or being ready to duel to the death for your convictions.

Take a simple subject such as little fishes. Why the possibilities of that topic are absolutely astounding! If it weren't for the little fishes, where would the big fishes be? For without the little fishes there would *be* no big fishes, and without the big fishes we would all go fishless. And just think of how it would wreck the Government's plans if all the fishermen were thrown out of work. Therefore, little fishes are decidedly a necessity. Of course the little fishes must have littler fishes or they would be in the same boat (not literally) as the big fish. Everyone knows the ancient Eskimo adage, "Big fleas have little fleas and little fleas have littler fleas upon their backs to bite them." Speaking of fleas, I wonder what Brenda Diana Duff Frazier would do if her cat had a flea. In fact, not one flea, but two fleas. Probably turn the poor thing in for one of those stream-lined animals that can purr in second while going up a hill. Or perhaps she would just give ten thousand dollars to some worthy cause. After all, with the increased dangers of capitalism gnawing into our financial system, someone will have to give some money to support the drugstore cowboys and the poor hungry thugs and hoodlums. For where would this country be without the thugs and hoodlums? . . . That's right, that's *just* where it would be.

I had better stop here before I begin to wonder where they manage to find people to pose for the "before" part of a "before and after" Carter's Little Liver Pills' advertisement or why penguins are

the only birds in the Antarctic that have black on them. However, perhaps you can see what fun it is to ponder over something which leads to something else which leads to something else and so on. The next time you have a spare week-end, instruct the maid to send up a tall, cold mint julep every half hour in the dumb waiter and lock yourself in your room to think.

Assassin

BY W. BLANDING, '39

Booth's derringer had fired its shot,
And Lincoln slumped and sank.
Booth swung and swayed, a maddened sot,
And Lincoln passed away.

From stage, from house, from door to door
They chased the actor mad.
With spirits low, with body sore,
The madman tried to flee—

And now Booth cries aloud in pain
And presses on his flight;
But he will flee from them in vain:
They seek revenge with might.

For days, for nights, they still will chase,
Pursue with fervid fire,
Until at last the villain's face
Has perished with their ire.

And then they cornered, still alive,
The man they long had sought.
A fire, a shot, Booth's dying dive,
And dead all hateful thought.

DEDICATION

To Frederick E. Newton we dedicate this issue of *The Mirror* in recognition of his long and faithful service to the Mathematics department and the boys of Phillips Academy.

EDITORIAL

THERE are two distinct types of writing here at Andover: the superficial and the profound. The superficial writing is that done for the purpose of telling us what we like to be told, what seems amusing and interesting. But not too interesting! If things become too interesting we shy off warily; we're not ready yet to become embroiled in anything that may put us in a compromising position. The books written by a well-known boy story writer of the middle west are exactly the sort of print that anyone can digest along with his meals, just stuffing it in along with the rest. They tell us things we like to hear: harmless little pleasantries about "kid" adventures. We used to read them one after the other at the breakfast table, until the family made a rule against indiscriminate bolting of food and literature both. No doubt we would have, some day without thinking, eaten the book instead of the salad, following the custom of the ancient Tartars. They thought that by eating a page of a learned treatise on the art of war, they could transform themselves into expert military tacticians.

Superficial writing of this sort is not a phase of our development to be sneered at. It is certainly an attempt, to a certain extent, to learn to manipulate words. Limericks, those things that news-

paper contests always ask for regularly, represent a very popular exercise in the making of queer combinations of sound and incongruous incident. Sometime one's aim is to write a funny story, another experience in building a similar sequence of droll events. Or in a desperate circumstance, imitation is practiced, for the lack of original ideas. These are all considered as the necessary ways in which to acquire an unconscious skill in the writing of the language.

But we come eventually, as the poet Matthew Arnold did, to the greater problem of interpreting our age in terms of our own personality. Then the weight of profound thought falls on us with an almost overwhelming force, at least on some of us. Ideas begin to develop, pressing outward for expression. Many of us fail in life because we cannot find the right means for this end. Some turn to business, some to art and literature.

A few of Andover's men have turned to writing. Writing is a great aid to constructive thinking and criticism, profound writing. In fact, it is very rarely that anyone has been able to think with any purpose unless he has noted in writing the trend of his thought. Pure thinking in writing is a welcome change from the ephemeral shower of "happily ever after" magazine print. The differ-

ence between critical writing—historical interpretation, literary, artistic, and scientific analysis—and the typical wads of literary waste swallowed by the public today is the same as the difference between a ripe, red apple and a greasy, soggy, sugar-coated doughnut. Critical analysis has life at its center, seeds from which may spring the most important works of art and science in history; while our literary doughnuts virtually give us the “colic” if we pile them in, eager to taste the saccharine trivialities of “they lived happily ever after.”

Critical writing is different from our conventional writing in that it breaks from the retelling of “truths” we are so much in the habit of repeating to ourselves. In both the novel and the essay it searches deep into our character, destroying little by little the tendency to accept without question the dogmas handed down to us. It puts in us that rare combination of discrimination, self-discipline, and non-conformity. That is why literature written by critically-minded persons has a greater place in our life than purely superficial work.

Now this is not meant to imply that we should worm our way through ten thousand books. That would be scholasticism. And yet neither would we do well to determine on an irresponsible existence, devoted to the pursuit of easy pleasure. Criticism and interpretation is a happy medium between the two extremes. It is not artificial or forced. It is the revealing of the inner idea, and the clarification of the relation of ourselves to each other. It affords an outlet for constructive and enlightening discussion among us. The thirst for more than the commonplace in literature can be traced to this in many cases. Understanding of our fellows is an absolute necessity if we are to live together in peace. If this necessity were solved, we would be a long step nearer to a suitable answer to the social and economic problems confronting us. War might be banished forever if man were able to cultivate an international mind, based on the free communication of thought.

At any rate, here at Andover the general feeling is that we are learning how to attack the puzzle of human relationship through almost every branch of study. History, literature, languages, science, and art, all of them, are conduits through which we are racing, absorbing an understanding of society which is absolutely different from that offered by the public school. It is much more profound. The theme of the curriculum is based on the attainment of a detached yet inspirational interest in going forward. Going forward in skill; in the acquisition of an inexhaustible yet directed driving force; and in the cultivating of a sensitive perceptive frame of mind.

Now, writing is second to none of the studies just mentioned in this attainment. In fact, it might be called the root of it. Writing is the storehouse of wisdom. It is the small particle that destroys the most intricate and polished “systems” by acting as an aid to creative thought. Powys says that “of all the houses of ill fame which a tyrant, a bureaucrat, a propagandist, a moralist, a champion of law and order, an advocate of keeping people ignorant for their own good, hurries past with averted eyes or threatens with his minions, a bookshop is the most flagrant. . . Here, like desperate bandits, hide all the reckless progeny of our wild, dark, self-lacerating hearts. A bookshop is a powder-magazine, a dynamite shed, a drug store of poisons, a bar of intoxicants, a den of opiates, an island of sirens.”

Powys in these words opens a new way to us—the assumption of the attitudes of others, actual contact with them, giving us all an insight into the characters of men, which prove to be our own. After all, we are not so entirely different. We are members of the same class of mammals. We go through similar experiences in life, and are similarly shaped by them. Can we not all exist as a whole, enjoying the interplay of ideas freely, not binding and imprisoning each other by common suspicion? Writing, and the enjoyment of writing, is one answer to the problem.

"A Visit From"

BY STEPHEN B. FINCH, '40

THE sun had just retreated beneath the horizon, ending a perfect autumn day, and the sky was illuminated a glorious red. As far as the eye could see in three directions stretched endless fields covered with millions of tall, green corn stalks, overladen with robust ears of golden corn. These full-grown plants swayed gently to and fro as soft zephyrs touched their brown, crowning tassels. Towards the West arose a range of low-lying, gently-sloping, green mountains, which seemed to be flowing like a stream of water across the western horizon. Nestled snugly between two of these in the bottom of a great pit formed by mountains on three sides, an average-sized, average-peopled, corn belt town lay, differentiated from many hundreds of other like towns only by its beautiful and almost perfect location. Down the mountains to a great natural water-shed just above the base of one of them came the town's water supply. From the shed it was piped directly to the houses without the help of any pumps at all. Great abundant forests grew on the mountain sides, furnishing the town all its fuel, and great quantities of gravel and sand were likewise given to the town by them. In this place lived the simple folk who planted, nursed, and harvested the corn which grew from the surrounding acres of rich, black soil. Like their town, they were perfectly normal and average, and like their town could be found throughout their country, and were indeed its backbone.

Above the town on the side of the largest of the mountains which protected it from the winter blizzards that rushed down out of the North, there was a great, flat, wide plateau, green with grass and untouched by the townspeople, who could see no use for it except perhaps as a landing place for an airplane. It had been used as such only once, when

some serum was flown to the town which at the time was in the midst of a typhoid epidemic, caused by a contamination of the water supply. Since then few persons had even bothered to climb up there and then only for the view of the town which could be seen in its entirety from that vantage point. Here in the middle of this autumn night something occurred which was seen only by a very few people who afterward talked of it together and decided that the wisest thing for them to do was to keep it a secret from their fellow men. They all took it to their graves with them except for one who confided in me just before he passed on. He was there that night and this is what he saw and heard.

The inhabitants of the town, except for those mentioned above, were all sound asleep in bed this autumn night, when out of the sky like a mighty comet streaked a silver flash. As it drew quickly nearer to the earth, one could see it had a definite shape, much like that of an airplane without wings or propeller. From its rear shot four great streams of sparks and blue fire. It grew in size and soon resembled almost exactly the sleek, smooth, shiny body of a great fish with four fins, one protruding from each side. It headed straight for the plateau upon which it alighted in a very few seconds. Then a portion of the top slid back and three men, much like those in the town below, crawled out. . . They were exceedingly large and wore very tight-fitting one-piece suits, made of a fine, white mesh. Upon walking from their ship to the edge of the plateau, they looked down upon the town. Out of a case which hung about the neck of one of them was taken a small but exceedingly powerful set of binoculars. Each took a quick and rather uninterested look through these at the town. The leader

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 36)

of the three then turned to the others and said, "Way out by Saturn I told you it would be just like the ones we discovered yesterday. This is the two hundred and seventh planet we've found within the last two weeks, and they're all alike. Same kind of crude, backward, barbaric people, living in the same kind of crude, backward, barbaric civilization on each. Come on. Let's not waste any more time here in this horrible place." Having said this, he turned and with the others walked back to the ship. In a few seconds it shot out into the space from whence it came.

The Forest Primeval

BY JACK H. CUTHBERTSON, '40

AS the direct light of the outer world was shut off behind them, they began to examine the natural growth of the huge forest. The high trees formed a vaulted roof, but here and there, between the separated branches, they could see the rays of the sun filtering through. The ground beneath their feet seemed to be most firm. Through a separation of the tall branches, sun rays dimly spotted the fallen colored leaves of the preceding autumn, packed down firmly. There was an odor in the forest of many Spring offerings, of new leaves, of budding flowers, of clear air, of pine needles, as if this forest was Mother Nature's favorite abode. The sound of their feet on the dried leaves resounded loudly under the vaulted trees, and overhead birds in their nests were aroused. They heard the singing of many birds, and the startling cry of a partridge re-echoed, and suddenly they heard the rustling of the newly-green bushes; a brown-feathered body flew by the vaulted openings, and quiet cries followed.

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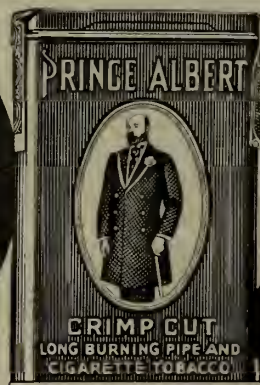


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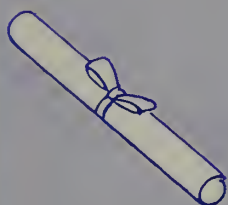
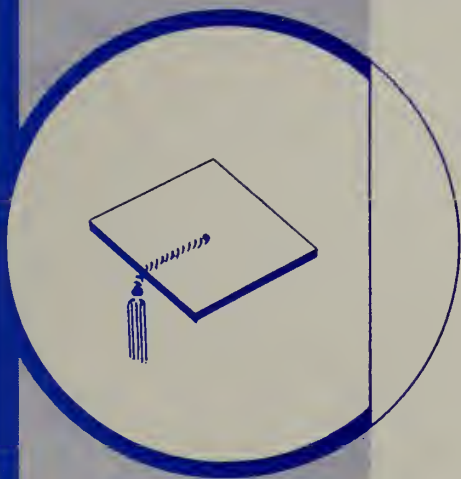
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2 HERE HE GOES! Below, the snow-capped Sierras of California. A flier must be sure of his nerves. And Wagner, like Lee Gehlbach, Col. Roscoe Turner, and other famous pilots, prefers to smoke mild, good-tasting Camels.



3 THE CLASSIC TEST of planes and men—the power-dive. The start: 20,000 feet up... nose down... motor *wide open*... the pull-out... the dive is over. How would you like to do that 40 times a month... or once?



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Psychology Applied

BY JAMES D. LIVINGSTON, '40

IN the world, about which we are told, there are Big men, and there are also Little men. Ferdinand Ar-r was one of the Little men, and now he is one of the Big men. And this is why.

Ferdinand, as he had better be called, since Ar-r is not a very nice-sounding name, was the head of a Little manufactory. The company was quite enough for Ferdinand, since he wasn't very Big either. It was a very active company, and it took all of his time just to keep it doing whatever it should be doing. But on Saturdays Ferdinand had very Little to do, because there was no one at the factory, or in the offices. And one Saturday Ferdinand was sitting in his office, messing with a carburetor, which was one of the things which his company made. And all at once he had a very good idea for improving the air intake.

He patented it, too. He had to go into New York to do this. At least, so he told his wife. But Ferdinand had Another Motive. He had ordered, through his Automobile Club, two of those little cards that you see around—the ones with F or D or GB on them, to show that the car has Been to Europe. Big people had them, Ferdinand knew, and he envied Big people. So when the notice came from the Club that the little cards were there for him, Ferdinand used the patent as an excuse. He wanted to get the cards, and Ferdinand's wife was one of those about whom we hear. Her husband wasn't going to put anything over on her. No, and he didn't want to. But women like that never know such things.

Ferdinand brought the cards back from New York, and the bill from the patent lawyer. The bill was for his wife. And he tried to put them on his own car. But Mrs. Ar-r, who was about as nice as the name sounds, wouldn't let him. She

said it was Vulgar. So Ferdinand put the tags back in their box, and tried hard to forget them. He managed to forget all about the patent, without any trouble at all. But then—his heart hadn't been in the patent.

It was not very long after, that he received a letter from a very Big man who also made carburetors, and made them in an immense factory, moreover. He wanted to buy Ferdinand's patent, because he thought possibly it would help. And would Ferdinand please to make an appointment with his secretary for any Thursday evening, and the Big man would send a car. Ferdinand didn't want to, but after all he had no use for his patent, because his carburetors were for very slow engines, and the patent was in the nature of a supercharger. So Ferdinand made an appointment for the next Thursday but one. And he sent his dinner jacket out to be cleaned.

The Big man's car was what Ferdinand had expected. There were four little tags on the back—I, and F, and H; and one with GD, which didn't mean anything to Ferdinand. It took him to the large home of the Big man, and he was ushered into a study. There Ferdinand sat and waited and waited, but the Big man didn't come. Finally he could stand it no longer, and he stood up off his backbone and wandered around in the room. There was a desk, and a rug, and several chairs and book-cases and leather-covered bottles, and a waste-paper basket. There was nothing of interest on the desk, that Ferdinand could see, nor on the chairs nor the rug nor the book-cases, and the bottles were sealed. That left only the waste-paper basket, and so Ferdinand looked there. The basket held one thing—a box. It reminded him of something—of the box in which his tags had come. And

it was exactly the same, too. Well, thought Ferdinand.

And when he left the man's house, Ferdinand was executive vice-president of the man's company. He went home by a very roundabout way, and when he got there, Ferdinand asserted himself. He put on his two little cards—one on each car. And he frightened his wife into losing forty pounds. Yes, and he changed his name to Arr.

Folly

BY THOMAS NEAL FLOURNOY, '39

How often has this world seen Folly reign
True prophets fall, and false ones rise in power!
Why does the warning voice cry out in vain,
Until too late for action is the hour?
Like poor Cassandra, seeress of Troy,
Whom proud Apollo made men disbelieve,
True prophets see beyond the present joy;
Yet silently unheeded must they grieve.
For oft the ruling pow'rs condemn to death—
Their own will to compel, and Truth deny—
The man who speaks the truth with fearless breath,
Lives without fear, and fearless dares to die.
For when Minerva comes in earth's attire
Do all the fools against her then conspire?

Insignificance

BY JAMES J. GODWIN, '42

Once, as I pondered the fall of ancient Rome,
From glory into wretched mounds of dust,
I realized our likeness to the ocean's wind-blown
foam,
Subservient to Fate's ever-changing thrust.
Mirrored in the sad collapse of this once great
empire
We mark the ruthlessness of destiny;
And in our hearts, although we may to higher
things aspire,
We see that we are ruled disdainfully.
Why do we then strain for what we cannot know?
Why do we then battle so for life?
We know that when we're called to the awful fires
below,
There's nothing there but never-ending strife.
Our life on earth is nothing but a tiny episode,
And man has not the power to change the course
Of life's events. The earth, and only earth, is his
abode;
How can he, then, conceive of life its source?
Man is but a tiny germ upon the outer crust
Of Earth, which is a minor speck in space;
Therefore let us remember that we are made of
dust,
And humbly grant the baseness of our race.



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

BY WILLIAM P. ARNOLD, JR., '40

SOMEBODY said, "A poor job well done is better than a good job poorly done."

The second day of my spring vacation in the sunny climes of the Orange Blossom State, some friends of my father's had invited my brother, my father, and myself to accompany them fishing in their thirty-foot cruiser which was superbly outfitted with all the newest gadgets and conveniences for snaring multitudes of the denizens of the deep. We, of course, were delighted at this unlooked-for opportunity to tackle a bit of the deep-sea racket so soon, and had accepted with pleasure. So there we were, pulling out of Fort Lauderdale at the unearthly hour of eight o'clock.

We wound our way up the channel (that part of Florida is shot through with canals and channels, and almost anywhere you want to go by car you can reach by boat), and soon were pushing our bow out into the blue waters of the Atlantic ocean. This was my first try at game fishing, and I was watching with interest while the old captain slit the bellies of the mullet to be used as bait, cleaned them, inserted the hook, cleverly making it secure by twisting a bit of wire through the fish's mouth, and then neatly sewed up the belly of the fish concealing all but the tip of the hook. It would be a pretty choosey old sail to pass up a morsel like that, I thought in admiration.

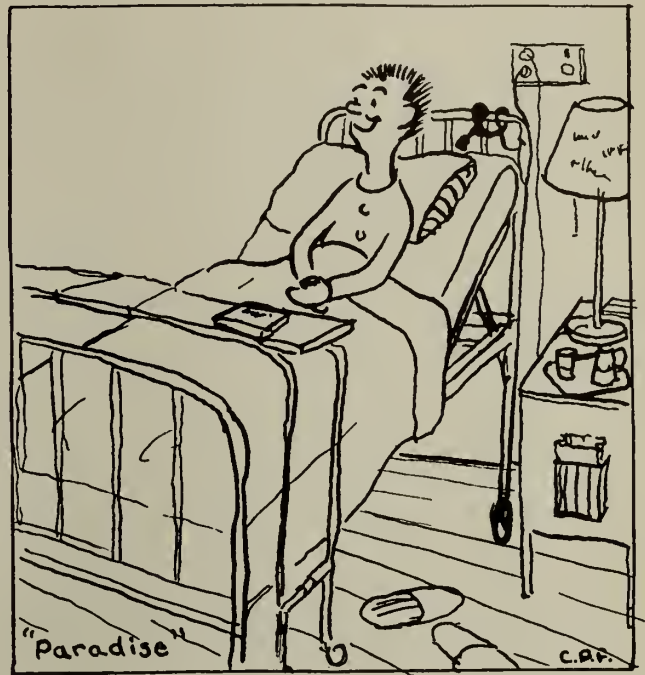
Soon the lines were ready, and my brother and I took the fishing seats to try our luck. The lines were put up in the outriggers, large gaffs that serve to separate the lines and also to give the fish the necessary slack when he strikes the line out. We were given instructions on what to do in case, just in case, something happened to that little thing splashing along one hundred feet astern. We sat and waited. Until then I hadn't noticed how dis-

turbingly rough it was turning out to be, but, left to myself with nothing to do but watch the bait and the water, that singular fact became alarmingly evident. We were heading into the face of a strong sea breeze that was even now rising and whipping up the waves which at the beginning were far large enough for comfort. We were first to try the Gulf stream and so would have to head out several miles. That prospect became increasingly discouraging the more I thought of it. It was like a trapeze. The prow would go ten miles up in the air, hover there for an interminable space, and then drop abruptly, kicking the stern with me in it up into the air. The wave would pass completely astern then, and in its turn my end of the craft would nose dive. This process would then repeat itself, and oh, what a vicious circle!

Now, I had done some sailing previous to this, and in spite of all that Poseidon had been able to muster against me, I could recollect with pride that not once had I felt any pangs of seasickness. Choppy water, rolling water, rolling and choppy water had all been just so much H₂O to me, but here something was wrong. These Florida waves just don't see things in a rational light at all. They refused to recognize my heretofore unspotted reputation as a sailor, and mercilessly kept on breaking me down. I snorted to myself, "Ridiculous! You can't be going under here in front of these men. You mean that you're going to let these mud puddle ripples get the best of you? Don't be an utter ass!" I was backing on the old will power to banish these ominous qualms, but unfortunately that trick of "mind over matter" doesn't happen to be an infallible standby. At least not for me.

I glanced at my brother. He looked at me with a sort of pickley grin. "Well, at least I won't be alone," I thought, evilly chuckling at him. Just then Dad came over to take his turn with my pole. (So far, incidentally, no one had had even a faint sign of any sort of a *pisces*.) I stuck my head over the side and immediately felt better at the blast of fresh air. "Maybe it isn't so bad after all," I was beginning to think, but the old "inevitable" feeling soon returned. Suddenly my brother turned to me and said, "I don't feel so hot. You'd better take this line while I go downstairs." I personally was of the opinion that it was far more conducive to my good health at this precarious time to remain on my own two pins, but took over his seat anyway. After about ten minutes I was beginning to feel desperate again. By this time I had come to the conclusion that I was inevitably destined not to pull through this ordeal, but in spite of that I was determined to hold on till the last and not to give in until the actual crisis arrived. I got to my feet again and stood in front of the chair, bracing the back of my legs against it and countering the motion of the boat by bending my knees. That worked all right for a space, but, fellows, you can't beat it. Gradually that little fish trailing along at the end of my line looked less and less distinct, and my knees seemed much more bendable and looser than ordinary. "Oh, boy!" I murmured, "the beginning of the end." I hadn't seen a thing of my brother since he went below, so I drew my own conclusions, which didn't help matters much.

I looked at Dad and his friends who were cheerfully chatting together without a care in the world. The sight of their comfort enraged me. I began contemplating the rail with more and more of a



morbid-like satisfaction while the awful climax kept drawing insidiously closer. I calculated just where I would sit and what I would grab onto as I leaned over the side, meanwhile justifying my action-to-be by recalling that even the best of sailors occasionally get sick. "Even Lord Nelson," I remembered in a happy flash, "was continually seasick, and he hardly set foot on land for several years at a stretch. Poor beast, if only they had known what he must have gone through, they'd have erected ten statues to him."

Finally I felt Mt. Vesuvius definitely beginning to agitate. That settled it, and in spite of the assembled multitudes, of whose presence I was no longer conscious, over I went. If there were any codfish in that section of God's ocean, they most certainly would have given another ball around the magnificent banquet that I presented them — absolutely gratis.

(Continued on Page 32)

Cannes-Paris

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

DO you hear it? It rings loudly now—the sound of crashing, wild, turbulent—it presses on my brain; it racks my ear drums—do you hear it? Mocking me, laughing in my face—mad, crazy ringing—do you hear it?

All day I sit here in the shadow of the tower. I am not old; anyway I think I am not old. I am rich—I have three millions there across the street in the bank. I do not want it.

Ten years ago—or was it five?—I was driving to the station to meet my wife. She had spent several months on the Riviera. She had our children with her. I was to drive down but we had decided to see the opera opening here. She was coming by train. Julie! How glad I would be to see her, youthful and golden. . .

I was driving through the chasm of Lipleau. Far ahead and hundreds of metres in the air I could see the railway bridge. It was a beautiful sight. It was a triumph of man. I saw a crew painting with red lead the new structure. So many ants, huddled around their little hand-car. So many flies clinging to the massive structure. Then there was a sudden commotion. The ants had left their hand-car, were dangling over the edge. I saw now, and drove furiously. As I came closer, I stopped the car. A painter had lost his hold and fallen. He was grasping now the lace-like structure about ten metres below his comrades. Some were lowering a rope to him. Another was going down on a staging.

Then I saw it come. I was stricken with horror. I saw it—the Rapide—express Cannes-Paris—a silver streak roaring onto the bridge with the speed of a comet. The workers saw it too. But they could not let slip their comrades, and they pulled on ropes frantically. Still the train came on.

There was a loud scream of brakes. A crash, as the powerful train hit the hand-car. Four bodies were hurtled into the chasm.

Then the train. The engine had left the tracks. It careened wildly on the trestle and finally toppled over the edge. It dragged the five cars with it. My God, it was terrible, I thought; I will have to tell Julie, she will be—Julie!! In a flash—Julie! Armand! Pierre! My wife! My children! The Rapide! Cannes-Paris! Oh, God—!! I saw the great train plunge through the air. A savage crash, a resounding crash, another, another, then echoes.

Do you hear it? That same wild crashing. It rings loudly now. . .

Reasons For Not Hitting A Knight

BY WILLIAM C. BREWER, '39

To smite a knight,
Despite his height,
A sightly slight would be,
Since might makes right
And knightly spite
Delights in mites like thee.
His fright is slight,
And flight from fight
Thus quite a plight would be;
The knight polite
So might incite
A spritely fight with thee.

Alma Mater

Words and Music by

O. M. Barnes '39

1. On a hill in old New England Reared a - gainst the sun-swept skies
 2. Near the elms' stately archway I - vy clad thy halls still stand
 3. All the voices and the hearts Turned to thee e - ter-nal- ly

Stands our noble Alma Mater Bravely just and wise.
 Greeting each new son of Phillis With a welcome hand.
 Pledge with rev'rence they will always Love and honor thee.

CHORUS -

AN - DO - VER , AN - DO - VER , Ev - er loy - al we will be;

AN - DO - VER , AN - DO - VER , Al - ma Ma - ter Hail to Thee!

What's Wrong With Our Educational System?

By ARTHUR C. WILLIAMS, '39

I have an axe to grind; I don't like some things about our present day educational system, that is, as I am in contact with it at Andover in preparation for Yale. There are many educational theorists today who are wondering whether the vast sums and superhuman efforts put forth to educate young people are actually attaining their end. Most of them, however, agree that the ultimate aim of education, to produce clear thinking, intelligent, and culturally broadened people, is a very desirable one. I am among both groups. And so, in considering what I believe is wrong with this educational system, I am accepting its ends and dealing solely with the means necessary to realize these ends. Furthermore, I realize that many things about our system have reached a high degree of excellence, and in dealing with this theoretical problem, I am considering only the elements which I esteem most undesirable or fit to be changed and improved.

There are two main or basic complaints which I wish to set forth. The first of these is that there is not enough class work done with the instructor, and that there is too much outside work demanded of the student. Most of what is ordinarily accomplished in class consists of covering the day's outside assignment, with the student trying to prove that he has done the assignment and the instructor doing his best to trip him up on it. And this system, by burdening the student with an overwhelming amount of work, is expected to force him to become mentally efficient. In my opinion, however, it encourages him to skim the surface of a tremendous amount of material instead of thoroughly acquainting himself with a smaller but consequently more valuable amount. Certainly in my

case, when I came to this school I was exceedingly conscientious about my work, but as the work piled up I had to omit one thing or another and skim over an increasing amount of material, until now, I admit frankly, I have many fewer scruples over doing big assignments well when other things are pressing too. One simply becomes weary of ceaseless "hitting the books."

Furthermore, if the student forces himself continuously to be diligent in his work, he soon finds himself obliged to give up certain pleasures and privileges, such as invaluable lectures and outside activities. Do you think it is right that a boy must give up such an enlightening lecture as John Mason Brown's on contemporary drama in order to prepare an assignment that he feels he must do? Is it right, when a school presents cultural opportunities such as hearing some of the world's best organists, that the students should find they have too much work and are unable to go? Last year I was a fervent participator in the Philo debating tournament, but had to default the second debate because, among other things, two book reports had to be done. Teachers have asked me why I have neglected their assignments for work on *THE PHILLIPIAN*, for the school work comes first, they say. But to me the work on *THE PHILLIPIAN* is more important and more valuable as practical experience and responsibility than the ordinary class assignment, and so why shouldn't I neglect an over-burdening assignment for such matters? And, furthermore, if the student conscientiously does all his work, what does he get? He is temporarily crammed with many facts, some important and some not, but most of which he forgets anyway, as I have from my last year's English History course. Moreover, he becomes a

machine, a "greasy grind," in the vernacular. I remember, for instance, of a boy who made the honor roll two years ago by dint of tremendous effort and almost absolute seclusion. Right after that his marks fell rapidly, and I asked him what was the matter. He simply replied, "No honor roll is worth that again!"



On the other hand, the same end of creating mental efficiency in the student can be attained in a far more efficient and pleasurable way, and that is by means of more class work with plenty of heated, interesting, and significant discussions, in which the student is taught to rely on his intelligence and ability to think quickly, a far better way of training the mind than the slow, cumbersome process of tremendous assignments. Such a method would allow time for breadth of education, too, for the student would then have ample opportunity to browse around the library, engage in literary, historical, or other kinds of outside reading in which he is interested. He would also have the opportunity to hear all the outside lectures and

engage in profitable outside activities, many of which are culturally broadening. I realize that weaknesses would probably develop in this system, but it is my firm belief that they could be overcome and that it would be a noted improvement over the old.

My second main complaint is that there is too much standardization in our education, chiefly the result of the College Board System. Education should be a highway to wisdom, and, in the words of Dr. Fuess, "such an enlargement of a man's cultural resources as will enable him to solve his problems, to become a useful citizen, to serve his fellow men, and to gain his maximum share of durable aesthetic, intellectual, and spiritual satisfactions." But the work of our classes is spent in preparing for the Board. The first words I heard in my French class this year were to the effect that we must always have the Board in mind. Certain things are taken up because the Board requires them, and others, perhaps more interesting and significant for the student, are discarded. Mathematics, fourth year English, and History all tend towards an orgy of routine, for they have to meet the standard of the Board.

Why shouldn't one be taught in English to appreciate the language, its literature and poetry, or in foreign languages really to learn the language, or in History to devote more time to general reading with less regard to so many specific details? Foreign languages are taught in every reputable school, yet the teachers will admit that if you really want to learn the language, you should go abroad to a foreign school. In other words, what I am driving at is more practical application of the courses and less emphasis on preparing for the Board. Our American History course, the best of its kind, is taught with the chief aim of training the mind and passing the College Board. Secondary importance is given to deriving the chief benefit of History by contrasting it with modern parallels and learning lessons for mankind through its pre-

(Continued on Page 25)

The Soldier

BY FRANCIS R. DuBOULAY, '39

And thus he spoke who sat upon his grave:
 "My childhood was like yours, and I too played,
 Careless enough, 'round and about the house;
 And slept as sound as any; guessed the household
 Secrets; was fostered by the sun and the incredi-
 ble

And usual love of parents. So I framed
 My wishes for a future which fulfilled
 Those childlike and remarkable ideals
 Which you too had, or even have, perhaps.
 Of course they were too jealous and remote
 For contemplation in mature estate,
 But precious, I thought then, above all else.
 For they were emblems of a certain slow
 Immensely satisfactory life to come,
 Not springing from the heart's most frequent need
 Of simple comfort and equality
 With those who prize contented sleep, but an
 Ambition for a fabulous perfection:
 The fairy princess or the gift of wings
 Or the single spirit's bright sufficiency.
 So that the men and women in the street
 With a discriminating reverence
 Would acknowledge such a lonely eminence,
 And would with just and silent acclamation
 Consent to my spirit's honourable peace.
 And while I grew, the fundamentals emerged,
 Compelling my allegiance and love:
 Faces of friends and patterns of the days,
 And images which stood for happiness,
 Sadness and, doubtless, sentimentality.
 Indulging the prerogative of youth,
 Thinking the thoughts we all think make us great,
 There seemed no limit to the possible

High stratospheres of individual joy,
 Or continuity of the golden age."

He paused a moment, but began again,
 "And then, one golden morning not long since,
 The Old Men blundered once, and down the streets
 The newsboys ran, 'War! War' to staggered hearts.
 And soon I saw too clear the bones of it.
 And saw too bright the skull beneath the skin.
 Yea, when we marched, why, it was bones that
 moved,

And automatic sinews that performed
 The necessary and blood-guilty acts
 Against an opposition of dull bone.
 O it is difficult to say it, but
 Before I died I came at long last to
 Forswear that vision which I'd cherished long.
 And when I died, although I could not help
 That for a moment my old song went through me,
 It seemed as though all must forswear their visions
 (Which are but shadows fled and good dreams
 gone)

And learn those more republican ideals
 Of amity and assurance of good faith
 And easy profit and hand-shakes for all.

And yet I must confess it's desolate
 When the great tide of young men's dreams recedes
 And leaves this tidy purpose on the shore
 Drying like lifeless bones or so much stone,
 For it goes hard against us not to dream.
 And when we do the hurt is terrible,
 Warring against the dictates of the world.

This paradox was with me to the grave,"
 The boy sighed, and smiled once, "and so
 Good-bye, and do not soon forget, my friend,
 For you are pillowed on perplexities
 And I have many ages now to sleep."

Taj Mahal

BY WALTER L. PUTERBAUGH, '41

ONCE upon a time in the far-away city of Agra, India, there was great sadness among the people. Mumtaz-i-Mahal, beautiful, glamorous, exotic, wife of Shah Jehan the King of Kings, was dead. Crushed with grief, Shah Jehan determined that his queen should have a monument such as had never been seen before. Having built a high wall in order that the plans and construction might not be seen and his one passion, uniqueness, be but a farce, Shah Jehan began the construction of the "Taj Mahal" as it was to be called. The people had an intense curiosity as to what was going on behind the high, mysterious wall, and many of them began to climb trees, walls, and buildings to find out what was occurring. When he heard of this, Shah Jehan had every one of these perches removed.

One man, however, had such an intense curiosity that he decided to solve this mystery. Being a holy man by profession, he determined to build a mosque. As a result, a rather commonplace looking mosque called the Kali-Masjid soon occupied a hill near the site of the Taj. It was a simple, red sandstone building, such as one sees all over India, but in the choice of location, the fakir was indeed wise, for no better view of the Taj could be had.

Being a mosque, it of course escaped demolition, for who would think of the simple mosque as a tower of observation? So for twenty years the fakir watched, seeing the best materials from all over the world made by the best craftsmen into the most beautiful building of all the world, at a cost of over twenty million dollars, which today would be increased to one hundred million for one like it. He saw the white, spotless, Jaipur marble, brought one hundred fifty miles on the backs of elephants, and red sandstone for the walls brought the same distance and the same way from Fatehpur Sikri. There was jasper from Punjab, crystal and jade from China, turquoise from Tibet, the sapphires and

lapis-lazuli from Ceylon, the coral and carnelian from Arabia, onyx and amethyst from Persia, and the diamonds from Bundelkund. He saw twenty thousand men spend seventeen years putting these materials together. He saw the huge minarets spring up in radiant beauty against the turquoise blue of the sky, each of the four watching, guarding the sleeping queen. He saw the perfect reflection of the building in the pools which superb landscape gardening had placed in long rows; he saw the unhappy king weeping on the grave of his lovely bride. By moonlight he watched, spellbound, breathing in the warm night air, heavy with the perfumed breath of the sleeping flowers. The single yellow light burned steadily above the tomb of Mumtaz-i-Mahal. The white dome and sentinel towers emitted an earthly radiance, while over all hung the moon, a pale, phosphorescent disk suspended in a sapphire sky. An avenue of cypress trees stretched out to the three gates, straight and black and melancholy, like mourners in a long procession. The atmosphere was one of all-pervading melancholy, yet strange, majestic beauty that only India can create. The Taj Mahal.

Thus it stood and stands even now, unsurpassed in beauty, strength and dignity—a living tribute to the devotion and the genius of the old Indian ruler.

A Wish

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

To hark to the call of the thundering fall,
To see its foaming waves;
To stand there and fish is a true sportsman's wish,
Something a fisherman craves;
To thrill at the tug of the turbulent trout,
To fight his powerful play;
To stand in the stream with his line reeling out,
To keep the salmon at bay;
To trudge home at night in the dim summer light
After the sport of the day—
To rock in his chair and tell, sitting there,
Of the big ones that got away.

Sea Landing

BY WILLIAM C. BREWER, '39

The N. Y. Times—January 21

"Departures—

Imperial Airways Cavalier from Port Washington. Due Hamilton, Bermuda, 3.00 P. M. EST"

BRITISH IMPERIAL AIRWAYS
New York Office

January 15

Mr. Donald Mill

Austin, Texas

Dear Sir:

We have reserved two places on the Cavalier for the east bound trip of January 21. We will deliver them to your hotel upon arrival in New York. The bus to Port Washington leaves our New York office at nine AM, arriving at 10:15.

Sincerely,

G. H. Barrows, Manager

The Boston Herald—January 20

"..... is Mr. Charles M. Talber of Brookline, who is leaving on the flying boat "Cavalier" tomorrow. Mr. Talber is recovering from a broken arm, the result of a recent skiing accident."

WESTERN UNION

MRS R GORDON NORTON JANUARY 21

ABD BIA CAVALIER

PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

SINCERELY ENVY YOU AND WISH I WAS GOING STOP IMAGINE ARRIVING THIS AFTERNOON STOP GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE PALM TREES AND STAY IN THE BEST OF HEALTH

JULIE

The Bermuda "Royal Gazette and Colonist Daily"
January 21

"Mrs. R. Ingram, Miss Nellie Stowe, and Mrs. T. B. Wadson of Hamilton, who have been va-

cationing in the States, are due here today on the Cavalier."

From—Maryland Chick Hatchery

Fredrick, Maryland

H G BENSON Via "Cavalier"

WARWICK PARISH, BERMUDA

HANDLE WITH CARE!

This crate contains 220 chicks warranted to be free from all communicable diseases.

United States Weather Bureau

Whitehall Bldg., New York

Forecast for Eastern Atlantic January 21

Increasing northerly winds with snow or sleet early this morning. Wind shifting to west and dropping tonight. Ceiling 600 feet.

Barometer 30.9

Temperature 28.2

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Flight Report Port Washington Base

Date—Jan. 21

Ship—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Crew—M. R. Anderson, captain

N. Richards, first officer

P. Caplan, radio officer

David Williamson, steward

Robert Spencer, steward

Destination—Hamilton, Bermuda

Remarks—Left dock at 10:38 AM, off the water at 10:42. Take-off normal.

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Radio Report

From—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Time—12:23 PM

Message—

RUNNING INTO BAD WEATHER. MAY HAVE TO LAND

Remarks—Called Cavalier several times. No answer.

H. B. Lane, Operator

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

From—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Time—12:57

Message—S O S S O S S O S

Remarks—Called Cavalier at 12:58, and received answer as follows:

ALL ENGINES FAILING THROUGH ICE. ALTITUDE 1500. FORCED LANDING IN A FEW MINUTES.

H. B. Lane, Operator

Quote from the United States Air Commerce Act of 1925:

“and likewise all British aircraft operating over and to all territories belonging to the United States shall be subject only to British laws and regulations.”

Quote from the Civil Aeronautics Authority Code: “No commercial aircraft shall be operated without adequate de-icing.”

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Radio Report

From—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Time—1:07

Message—

STILL UP. HAVE TWO MOTORS GOING. TRYING TO GET OTHERS STARTED.

Remarks—Called back at 1:09, but no answer.

H. B. Lane, Operator

Notice to the passengers

Lifebelts are located on every seat. In case of emergency, each belt is capable of holding up three adults or five children. Please leave through the hatch nearest your seat.

BRITISH IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

Radio Report

From—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Time—1:11

Message—

LANDING NOW.

Time—1:12

Message—

LANDED OK. SWITCHES OFF. STAND BY.

Remarks—Static worse.

H. B. Lane, Operator

Notice to the passengers

Pull lever to open hatch. This hatch is to be used by passengers in the rear two compartments.

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

Radio Report

From—Imperial Airways Cavalier

Time—1:13

Message—

SINKING

Remarks—Notified all possible aid.

H. B. Lane, Operator

The New York Times—January 22

“10 OF 13 SAVED ON BERMUDA PLANE FORCED INTO SEA ON HOP FROM HERE; PICKED UP BY TANKER AFTER TEN HOURS.”

United States Weather Bureau

Whitehall Bldg., New York

Forecast for Eastern Atlantic January 23

Northerly winds increasing to gale. Snow or rain this afternoon. Tomorrow increasing winds and rain.

Barometer 30.1

Temperature 22.7

WESTERN UNION

BARGE OFFICE

JANUARY 24

NEW YORK

ESSO BAYTOWN ENTERING QUARANTINE

BRITISH IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

New York Office

Memorandum

Reserve room for incoming passengers at Shelton Hotel and New York Hospital. Ambulances and cars must be at dock. See about special police.

(Continued on Page 30)

Echo Of Spring

BY OLIVER M. BARRES, '39

When young hearts beat with joys of early Spring,
And Winter's snowy beard has given way
To vernal green and blooming buds of May;
When woodlands, fields, and meadows seem to ring,
And sparkling songs of sunshine seem to sing
A soothing, reminiscent roundelay;
When all of Nature is so sadly gay
And growing beauty is in everything—

Then it is he walks an evening lane
And thinks of all those days they used to know,
Remembers little bits of an old refrain,
And visits places where they used to go;
Then it is he sees her once again
As she was so very long ago.

When young hearts beat with joys of early Spring,
And Winter's snowy beard has given way
To vernal green and blooming buds of May;
When all of Nature's voices seem to sing,
And every bird and flower seems to bring
More happiness and meaning to each day;
When wandering lovers never speak, but say
With soulful, understanding eyes each thing—

Then it is she sits alone and sighs
And thinks of all those other Springs they knew,
Remembers days and other sun-swept skies
And every little thing they used to do;
Then it is she sits with misty eyes
And somehow knows that he remembers too.

Once each year life's even candle flares
And lights a glowing spark in dormant man;
Then those who cannot join Spring's caravan
Sit back in thoughtful, rocking easy-chairs
And linger on each step of memory's stairs;
The old in years but young in heart now can
Relive forgotten days and slowly scan
Lost memories, while youths are making theirs.

And so these two, united yet apart,
Feel each new Spring's sweet breath and fondly
gaze

On recollections' ever-restful chart.
A common paradise, obscured by haze,
They cannot see, but in their single heart
These lovers know they tread converging ways.

Window Shade

BY WARREN E. BLANDING, '39

I wish I were a window shade,
For think what I would see—
What plots are hatched, what plans are made,
On what do spies agree?

In secret light what lovers meet,
Unseen to prying eyes,
And still the age-old vows repeat
Of Love that never dies?

In early dawn what infants come
While nearby I attend—
In midnight dim what hearts succumb,
Who mourns the fateful end?

At sunny Morning's joyful birth
Who feels the gloom descend—
As somewhere else fierce drunken mirth
Beholds the bottle's end?

What sights in boudoirs' still retreats
Are hidden from these eyes?
What form, what shape my staring meets
When loosed are corset's ties?

The other truths my eyes behold
Of lives, some loose, some staid,
Would make a pretty tale, if told—
But they're behind the shade.

303 Water Street—Sunday Afternoon

BY CHARLES S. KESSLER, '40

He found himself in a high place,
quite far from the level of the earth.
The greenish-blue of the water stretched
as far as the eye could see. It went
back, back, back until at last the misty
curtain of the sky dropped behind it.
The jagged coastline zigzagged into
the sea, then back, into the sea once
more, then curved off again to the left.
The tree-covered land so far below
looked like a rolling meadow bound in
by the vastness of the ocean. He could
hear only very faintly the washing of
the waves against the foot of the cliffs.
The waves were long sleek rollers, and
their rhythmic washing against the shore
came in slow, even pulsations. A few
clearly-defined clouds skirted low across
the horizon in front of

the
mist-streaked
sky.

But now he begins to hear another noise.
Louder and louder—the ticking of a
clock. He rolls over onto his back and
finally opens his eyes. He is lying
on a broken-down bedstead, and a haggard
woman is leaning over him.

“Have another, will ye have another?”
She puffs on a newly-lit pipe. “You’ll
be appreciatin’ the cost of opium, won’t ’cha
deary, and just leave three bob there
on the table?” She coughs, harsh and
rasping, and sinks back with a wheeze.
She puts down the pipe, and rolls over
onto her face.

He makes a desperate effort
and gets to his feet. He looks down
at the Chinaman, the Lascar, and the
old hag. He shakes the Chinaman and
listens, but his mumbling is inaudible.
He bends over the pallid form of the
woman, but she produces only inarticulate
gibberish. The Lascar twitches but is
silent. He staggers out of the foul room,
down the narrow stairs and into

the
dismal
street.

Tomorrow

BY OLIVER M. BARRES, '39

“Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow,”
The sunbeams had danced as they cried;
Then, leaving his work, he had sighed,
“Tomorrow.”

Of sorrow, of sorrow, of sorrow
The raindrops were talking next day;
And he said that he would not delay
Tomorrow.

“I borrow, I borrow, I borrow
Of Time, and I never repay!
Oh, God, give me just one more day—
Tomorrow.”

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow,
Time’s pallbearers marched side by side.
They nailed down the lid as he cried,
“Tomorrow.”

The Music is Playing

J. D. LIVINGSTON, '40

"HELLO," he said, and his voice sounded friendly. She stood in his doorway, and smiled faintly—and fell flat on her lovely face. "Come now," said Johnny, who wasn't used to this. "I'm nobody's husband—go back and ask her to give you the right number." She hadn't stirred. Johnny got to his feet and wandered over to her. He looked bored; he was bored. But he looked closer, and then Johnny forgot to be bored. He lifted her easily, and put her on his couch. The bottle of gin would be just the thing, thought Johnny, and he held it to her lips. He regretted this, later. She shuddered, and choked violently. Then Johnny regretted it. But he wasn't always as dumb. He managed a cold turkey sandwich and a class of buttermilk. Johnny didn't know why it was there, and this seemed a good time to lose it. She didn't lose it; she killed it.

"Who are you?" she asked. Johnny liked her voice. It seemed as if she sang, rather than talked. All right, it didn't seem that way. But Johnny thought it did. That's very significant.

"I'm Johnny Pletton," Johnny said, with a touch of pride. "I have an orchestra, too. You may have heard." The touch of pride had grown into a thump.

"Yes," said Beatrice. That was her name—Beatrice. And then she went to sleep.

"This is a hell of a thing," said Johnny, several hours later.

"What is?" That was a very sleepy voice from the sofa.

"Your being here." Johnny wasn't nice, but he had his public to think of.

"But I work for you."

"That's out. I've got my public to consider."

"No, I mean I'll sing for you. You still need a singer, don't you?"

"Yeah, I need a singer, but I'm all ready to sign one."

"I know—me."

"No, someone else. You see, it's politics. I'm working to get her cousin. He's the best tenor sax in the business."

"No," said Beatrice. "You were very nice, but I am your singer. Or else my three brothers are going to be disillusioned about the rehearsal we've been having."

"Rehearsal?" Johnny was very slow, often. "You told three brothers that we were rehearsing. Gee! What if they find out we weren't! They might maybe think things." She nodded. Johnny grew flustered. "Can you sing?" asked Johnny, who was a politician.

She was really very good, and Johnny grew more and more popular. And finally he was at the top. And he had a brilliant chance to get the cousin of the tenor sax, and in time Johnny would get the sax. Johnny was a politician, so he invited Beatrice to come to his apartment after the evening's chore.

"Beatrice," said Johnny, "I'm afraid you're getting too good for my orchestra."

"That wouldn't be too hard, would it, Johnny?"

This hardened Johnny's heart. He ceased being politic. "Anyway, Beatrice, we must part. You are very good, and you will have no trouble. And I must get the cousin of the sax."

"Mix us a drink, Johnny." Johnny mixed. Beatrice took both glasses, and sifted a dark powder into each. "A flavor I picked up in Italy," she remarked. Then she lifted her glass. Johnny lifted

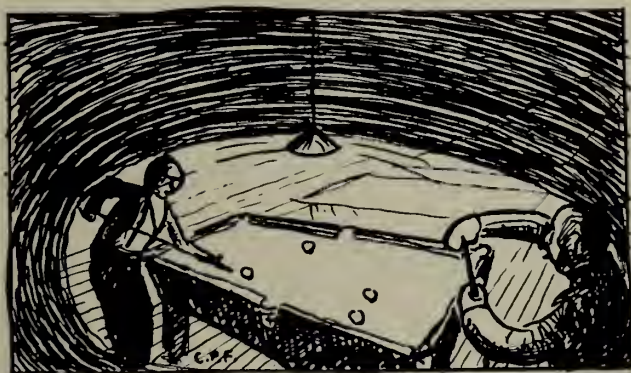
his, automatically. "To the cousin," said Beatrice. "Goodbye, Johnny." Johnny drank deep, and then put down the glass quickly.

"But you haven't drunk, Beatrice. Don't go yet. I hardly know you." He sat up. "Why, Beatrice, I don't know your last name, even."

Beatrice was pulling on her gloves. Johnny stood politely, and tried to charm her into staying. "My last name?" said Beatrice. "My last name is Borgia. Goodbye, Johnny."

Johnny stood where he was. "Beatrice Borgia," he murmured. "Oh, yes."

Johnny fell flat on his unlovely face.



To Martha

BY BLAKE FLINT, '40

What fantasy of mind is this,
That I should hope for one pure kiss?
What chance have I against the horde that follows
in her train?

Why is this so?
I cannot know;
At thought of her my heart feels endless pain.

Yet each new day I rise again,
And ne'er a vassal worshipped thane
As I, who hold her image in my mind from dawn
to dark;

I love her so!
It's hopeless though —
For my affections kindle not a spark.

The Guardian

BY CHARLES BURNS, '41

Dark night, eerie night,
What wonders do you hold
Beneath your black cover
Like a spectre,
Your haunting stillness
Of soft satin
Shedding darts of light
As drops of nectar?

Darkness, like a cloak
You enfold in your arms,
A tribute from above,
Mother earth,
Your tender caress
Sweeping out
To comfort a restless world
In silent mirth.

Too soon, dawn will break.
Encroaching beams as clutched claws
Reach out to slay at best
Your proud beauty.
You fade as if expecting
Cruel onslaught,
Only to return again
In glad duty.

Advice

BY OLIVER M. BARRES, '39

"There's nothing I can do!" the young man cried:
"I've always had a wretched lot!"

"There's one thing you can do," the old man
sighed;

"Make the best of what you've got."

Three Together

BY EDWARD A. MARSHALL, '39

OF course, there is a fourth, too, but she really doesn't count. Being the youngest, and a girl at that, seems somehow to have forced Marion into the background. Or possibly it is just because we three have always been so close that there just isn't any room for another. Not that she feels any barrier between us—it is not as definite as that. I don't think Howdy or Strother feel it either, for young boys are not very sensitive to the whys and wherefores of life. But it's there, and I'm sorry, for we could so easily be four.

We three. I can't remember when it has been other than that, though of course it must have been so once. For Howdy, christened Howard after Dad, is two years my junior, and Strother is three years younger than he. So you can see there was a time when I stood alone. Howdy, however, arrived on the scene before I had time to form any memories of a life of solitude, and so from my earliest recollection, life was never mine, or his, but ours. We two are very little alike, yet our differences seem so to mingle and fuse with one another that the result is perfect unity. Our natures are like a picture puzzle, composed of hundreds of separate and individual pieces which fit together to form some beautiful and intricate image.

Yet like a puzzle, it took time to put the pattern of our existence together. There were moments when the pieces did not seem to fit, or seeming to, had to be discarded as temporary errors. Changing likes and dislikes, fleeting passions and ambitions, the road to lasting oneness was not traversed in an instant. For, like any children, we used to fight, frequently and furiously. Yet even in moments of worst temper, we used to control our blows so as not to seriously harm the other. Only once, in the last big fight we had, did either of us ever lose his presence of mind. It was a battle beginning

over some trivial and forgotten matter, which ended by Howdy nearly choking me into insensibility, and then shrieking hysterically, almost insane at the thought of what he might have done. Nor was it the discovery of this new-found power in his hands, nor the thought of death or of punishment, but as he sobbed to Mother, it was simply the thought of how near he had come having to live on without me. I say this without conceit, for I recognize it now as just another piece of the puzzle slipping into place.

But it is Strother that completes the picture; Strother with his orange-red hair and his flaming freckles and his ever-laughing blue eyes; Strother, the irresistible and the irrepressible; Strother, whose coming was like the opening of the shutters of a darkened room, letting light and happiness flood in forever. He fitted in with Howdy and with me so perfectly, so naturally and so easily that I wonder how the puzzle could ever have been completed without him. The thought seems as inconceivable as the idea that any person of his nature could go through life keeping unadulterated a name like Strother. He began picking up nicknames like "Red" and "Carrot" almost at birth, for it is actually impossible to look at him without searching in your mind for some new pet name to add to the collection already adorning him. We in the family call him Poo, after those literary monuments without which none of our childhoods would have been complete, *Winnie the Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*. My Grandmother will tell you, "It's so perfectly natural. The child is all the characters of those two books rolled into one, from Winnie on down." Then, of course, they mispronounced him Struthers when we lived in Virginia, never bothering to nickname him farther,

(Continued on Page 27)

The "Leter"

BY STEPHEN B. FINCH, '42

IT was a cold, damp, dreary afternoon, so typical of the English moorland.

I had been sitting in my library, pensively gazing into the leaping flames of the open fire for several minutes, when there came a knock on the door. I opened it and greeted an old London business acquaintance who had driven out for tea.

A half hour later found us still sitting before the fire deep in earnest conversation. We had discussed nothing but war, war, war. He had made this visit, it became clear to me, for the sole purpose of getting my opinion as an unprejudiced outsider on just how things stood in Europe at the present time. It was in the middle of this discussion that I told him the following story, which for me carried far more significance than the outspoken opinions of the most learned statesmen of the day.

It might have happened in Germany, or France, or Italy, or in any one of a score of other countries. It did not necessarily have to happen in London, but might have happened in any city, town, or village throughout almost the entire world. It did not have to happen in the family of a rich, well-to-do head of a prominent British trading house. It might have happened in any one of a thousand different families; perhaps in that of a farmer, or factory worker, or banker.

The increasing uncertainty of business conditions had made the days long and hard for this father, and it was well after seven when he returned this Friday evening from his firm after an extremely hard day down in London's famed financial district. There the sole preoccupation of everyone's mind, the sole topic of all their conversation, was the actions of two fanatical madmen who were turning the world upside down. Italy had just taken Albania, Hitler was planning new conquests, and Chamberlain had openly declared his stop-Hitler drive. Indeed it was a tremendous relief to leave that place of strain and nervous tension and return home where the talk was of Tommy's school, of the

theater, and of everything else that was so nice and enjoyable. It seemed to him that it was only this—that he reluctantly left every morning and gladly returned to every night—which kept him going now, for without his home there would be nothing left for him to work and strive for, to pray and hope for, and to give his life to.

After giving his wife and young son a tired, heartless greeting, he slumped into a chair before the fire in the living room and wearily closed his eyes. The next thing he felt was a light tap on his arm, and he heard the voice of his little son telling him to wake up. He must have been asleep for almost an hour because the clock told him that it was his boy's bedtime and that he had come to say good night.

"Daddy, Daddy, wake up," said the small voice. "I want to say good night to you." The father stood up and, lifting his son several feet off the ground, held him tightly in his strong arms before his face. He squeezed him close to his chest and held him there for some time, engulfed by the tremendous love he had for his only child and for the boy who would some day, he hoped, carry the firm which bore his name to heights it had never before reached.

"Good night, little fella. Go right to sleep now." The boy was back on the ground and turned to go. As he was about to leave the room, he suddenly stopped, and drawing an envelope from his wrapper pocket, handed it to his father saying,

"Daddy, will you please put a stamp on this letter and mail it for me?"

"Certainly, son. Don't you worry about it. It will go by the morning mail."

"Thanks, Daddy. Good night." He turned and trotted hurriedly off to bed. His father stood before the fire and, looking for the first time at the address on the envelope, saw only

(Continued on Page 25)

The Biol-Graphy Of A Cabbage Moth

BY WILLIAM C. BREWER, '39

This saga of the cabbage moth
Begins with Madame M.,
For all things start and terminate
With the eternal fem.

So on the juicy cabbage plant
Our female moth does lay
A hopeful little embryo
To wait the hatching day.

Three weeks later more or less,
Rather less than more,
The larva grows impatient and
Emerges stiff and sore.

This larva is a fetching mite
Whose purpose is to be
A boarder on a cabbage leaf,
Where meals are always free.

But as the days go rolling by
So awful of eating,
He weaves himself a crinkly coat;
A pupa case for sleeping.

When suns of Spring are shining warm
On budding life, he feels
A longing for those cabbage plants,
But not for cabbage meals.

So from his case a cautious nose
Is stuck out bit by bit;
"Mighty fine," says he to he,
And widens up the slit.
"But, Sonny bug," I said to him,
"You are a different lad;
What are them wings I see on you—
Wings you never had?"

"I'll tell you now," said he to me,
"It happened just like this—
I was asleep when all at once
'Twas metamorphosis!"

With that he spread his new-born wings,
And flickered toward the sky,
Searching for a female moth
To be his sweetie pie.

To conjugate, I blush to say,
Was always on his mind;
A rascal of a Romeo,
A beauty of his kind.

The girl he found was long and sleek,
With wings of purest white.
The lives of future cabbage moths
Were planned in bliss that night.

O trickery of moonlight beams,
And white wings in the sky!
A ruse to force you, sweet Miss Moth,
To lay your eggs and die.

The time until the maple leaves
Show red and yellow hues
Is all that you can hope for, moth;
But what is life to lose?

A thing that Mother Nature gave,
And takes away again —
The Fates may weave or cut off short
The lives of moths or men.

The Warrior's Grave

BY JAMES J. GODWIN, '42

On all the forest trees and lakes,
By which the warrior's soul awakes,
A silence lies which no sound breaks;
The woods are calm and still,

The dappled sunset on the ground
Illuminates the little mound,
That signifies the forest 'round
The silence shall fulfill.

In reverence to the fallen brave,
The dark trees bending o'er his grave,
With ceaseless motion gently wave
Their branches volatile.

The warrior's tribesmen now are gone;
His grave lies, lonely and forlorn;
But still the tall trees sadly mourn
The cold tomb on the hill.

What's Wrong With Our Educational System?

(Continued from Page 13)

vious errors. You may say that there has to be some standard to qualify students for entrance to college. But it seems to me that the colleges could depend entirely on the student's record at a reputable school, knowing that if the student had a good record there, he would be well qualified for their college.

I realize fully that there is a definite need for discipline of the mind and acquisition of facts. But, such discipline can be rigid and severe over a smaller amount of assigned material, and a significant factual knowledge can be attained without so much emphasis on quantity of details, which



the student generally fails to retain anyway. Thus minimize the outside assignment and the standardized routine, and at the same time give more attention to broadening discussions and practical applications of the course.

And why shouldn't we be practical about this business of education, which is to prepare young men for "the great end and real business of living?" Certainly there should be a greater pro-

ductiveness when so much time and money are spent over the system, which ought to be able to produce not only educated men in the cultural sense of the word, but also men who can make a decent way for themselves in life. Just as a Harvard graduate asks, "Was college worth while?", I ask whether we will ever improve the average mentality and cultural standard of the American by an effective educational system.

The "Leter"

(Continued from Page 23)

God

Heaven

He stared at this for some time. Then opening the letter, he unfolded the single sheet of white paper on which some writing was scrawled in an uneven hand, and read the following:

Dere God

I asked mommy where you lived and she told me in heaven. when I asked her where in heaven she did not no but sed just in heaven. I hope the maleman nos you and where you live cause heaven must be an awful big place way up there and I do want you to get this leter Daddy didn't look right yesterday and when I asked him wat was wrong he said nothing but later I herd him tell mommy that things looked awful bad and that there would be a wor. when i asked mommy wat a wor was she told me it was when men fight with each other she told me it was very bad and that everyone new it was very bad. she didn't tell me why there was wor if everyone new it was very bad. Daddy ses we would have to move if there was a wor. Mommy ses you can do anything so please don't let there be a wor God, I don't want to move and I don't want to fight with anybody

Tommy

The father stared at it with a strange look on his face, half a smile and half sad. Then he slowly crumpled it in his big, strong hands and dropped it into the fire.

We sat and stared silently at the dying embers.

The World of Tomorrow

By JOHN M. BLUM, '39

THE New York World's Fair symbolizes practical anticipation and hope. It should be regarded not as a show of things but as a collection of hints of what is to come. "We are in the darkness before the dawn of a vast educational thrust. In the near tomorrow a collective human intelligence will be appearing and organizing itself in a collective human will." Not all the financial adventures or the patriotisms or fanaticisms of today can stem the tide of mechanical invention that will carry us to a new and better life.



The World's Fair symbolizes these facts.

The Fair stands for more than this, however. The Four Freedoms—Freedom of Religion, of Assembly, of the Press, and of Speech—are important themes. It is encouraging to think that there is still one nation in this world where men can and do worship these freedoms. The Fair stands for our democracy, stands as a challenge to the cruelty, the lack of individual rights, the tyranny that runs rampant in the turbulent Europe of today. We should be thankful that

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we live in a nation where the Four Freedoms exist. The Fair represents the World of Tomorrow. As long as the spirit of America survives, the theme of the freedoms will be a part of that world. Seventeen hundred eighty-nine to nineteen hundred thirty-nine, let us hope, is only the first era of Americanism. After a century and a half of achievement, and with the prospect of greater achievement to come, we need not believe in the prophets of doom. America will survive.

Finally, as a third major aspect, the Fair presents the beauty of tomorrow. We can see a new age of greater mechanization, greater speed, greater comfort, greater freedom, and greater beauty. The Fair hints at those results in an art which will, some day, lead us to a new art, an art not based on that of centuries ago, but on the principles of Frank Lloyd Wright and other forward-looking American architects and artists—firmness, fitness, and delight. Along with more useful, more lasting homes and buildings, we are to have more beautiful homes and buildings, more beautiful cities, a more beautiful nation. Painting and sculpture, too, will find a new field of development; the Fair opens the prospects of the art of tomorrow to us.

Every one of us can benefit by going to the Fair. Its optimism is a welcome factor in a world so seething, so cynical, so pessimistic as ours. Its theme is a great one—the World of Tomorrow, a better world to live in, a more beautiful world, a greater world, a more comfortable world, a more peaceful world, a world in which Rousseau will triumph. It is not unlikely that the trylon and perisphere will one day be remembered as symbols of the foresight of the men of 1939, as bright stars in a black night, for they represent the hope, and, fortunately, the practical hope, of the world of today.

(Continued from Page 22)

thinking Struthers absurd enough in itself for such an absurd little boy. The people down there will probably never forget when, astride the shaggy, show-wise little pony we called "Dixie," he rode, bouncing and wobbling from one side of the saddle to the other, in the beginners class of his first horse show. Dixie, knowing and obeying perfectly the judge's commands of "Walk! Trot! Walk! Canter! Trot!" turned in a perfect performance, while Poo in his oversized jodhpurs hung on like grim death, the stands holding their sides with laughter. "Sure I got the blue ribbon," says Poo. "I hung on, didn't I?"

No, life would not be very happy for us two without Poo. His ever-present smile and sunny nature offset and blend with Howdy's deep seriousness and my own occasional gloomy moods; his cheery voice and comic actions seem to continually keep us happy and laughing. In return, I think we have been good brothers to him, advising him, teaching him what little we know, helping him whenever necessary.

"Shure," he said last summer, trying out a newly-acquired brogue, "shure, and we three are all sot for life. You'll be the teacher an' telling us what's right, Howdy'll be a great laryer to keep us out o' throuble, an' Oi myself'll be the doctor fa all our needs. Shure an' it's a great three we'll be after makin'."

Witty Ditty

BY O. M. BARRES, '39

This happy little ditty
Has just one thing to say:
Trying to be witty
Really doesn't pay.
"Wit?" they'll say in pity;
"He only got half way!"

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Johnston F. Northrop, '39

Editorial

IN the past the editorial page of the *Mirror* has varied from virgin paper to collections of jokes and humor to masterpieces of literature and rhetoric. Now we don't intend to tell any jokes, stale or otherwise, nor do we intend to bore you with any long-winded dissertation upon an abstract subject. We shall say what we have on our minds and then retire to permit you to dwell more fully upon the other works within these covers.

First of all, all too few of you know far too little about the history of the *Mirror*, and since such a condition is really deplorable (at least from our standpoint) we feel it in order to clear up this pall of ignorance without further ado. The *Mirror* was founded in 1854 in conjunction with the Philomathean Society and was known as *The Philo Mirror*. It was a small, compact magazine which featured humor as well as literary work. In 1882 the Editors decided to give it a new suit of clothes, and pictures and cartoons made their debut along with higher quality writing. The *Philo Mirror* established itself among the leaders in prep school and college periodicals, and by 1892 had become so

successful that it severed relations with the Philomathean Society and swung its own oar under the new title of *The Andover Mirror*. Thus it remained until the fateful year of 1924. In that dark age a multitude of reasons forced it into temporary retirement, so that from 1924 to 1929 the best of the cultural side of Andover life went unappreciated. Such a condition, of course, could not endure, so in 1929 the publication was reorganized under the title of *The Mirror*. The aims of the Editors of that issue were to "stimulate students to distinctive achievement in literary and graphic arts" and to "serve as a medium through which such achievement may be made known."

That essentially is our policy today, but our real aims stretch further than that. We want to present to you a *readable* magazine—one of true literary worth, yet one that will be interesting and stimulating to every reader. We have tried to compile a well-balanced issue—one that should appeal to every student. It is your magazine; you write it; you read it, and if it is not what you want, it is up to you to change it.

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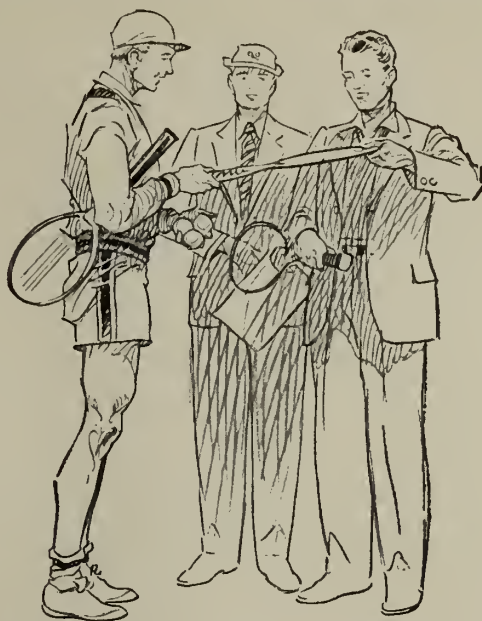
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Paul Brown '33

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IS TOO GOOD TO MISS,
MEN. YOU GET
MILDER, TASTIER
SMOKING —
OR NO PAY!

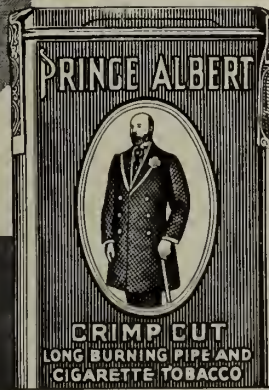


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**P.A. PAYS YOU IN REAL
PIPE-JOY OR WE PAY**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



SO MILD

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT

THE
NATIONAL
JOY
SMOKE

Sea Landing

(Continued from Page 17)

The New York Times—January 24

"Those missing were:

Mr. Donald Mill, Texas

Mr. R. Gordon Norton, New York

Mr. Robert Spencer, steward"

WESTERN UNION

MRS R GORDON NORTON JANUARY 24
ABD ESSO BAYTOWN
NEW YORK

DON'T HESITATE TO CALL ME IF SLIGHT-
EST THING IS NEEDED STOP MY DEEPEST
SYMPATHY IS LITTLE COMPENSATION
FOR YOUR LOSS

JULIE

Furness-Bermuda Line
New York

Mrs. R. Wadson January 27
Shelton Hotel, New York, N. Y.
Dear Madame;

We have reserved a stateroom for you on the
"Monarch of Bermuda," sailing at 3 PM on Janu-
ary 30. Baggage must be at the pier before 1 PM.

Sincerely

John B. Hopkins, Booking Agent

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

Mrs. Donald Mill January 26
Shelton Hotel, New York
Dear Madame,

In accordance with your letter of the 25th, we
have made a single reservation for you on the
Western Star, leaving tomorrow from Grand Cen-
tral Terminal at 10:30. You may pick up your
ticket at the station.

Sincerely

D. P. Wilson, Agent

The New York Times—February 14

"Additional information was disclosed today by
Imperial Airways on the 'Champion,' the fly-
ing boat to replace the 'Cavalier,' lost at sea on
January 21 in the Bermuda service."

PHOTOGRAPHY

Portraits - Groups - Enlargements

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headquarters while at school in Andover? We
can aid you in the selection of a camera, finish
your snapshots, make frames for your favorite
pictures or take a fine portrait of yourself.

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Andover, Massachusetts

The Glory Road

BY JAMES J. GODWIN, '42

Listen to the thunder of the mighty guns of France,
Blasting at the hated German front;
Laying a barrage for the major Yank advance;
Hear the cursing, sweating gunners grunt!

Through the stinking heaps of dead, through the
muck and slime,
The cream of all our country's youth shall go;
Charging into certain death, fighting as they climb
Down into the fires of Hell below.

Through the bloody horror of the shrieking bombs
and shells;
Watching comrades blown to Hell-and-gone;
Screams and cries and roar of guns and captains'
frenzied yells;
Who of these will be alive at dawn?

Let the icy hand of Death enter quickly here,
And from their shoulders bear the awful load
Of wracking pain and shell-shocked mind and
burning thirst and fear—
This, then, is what we call the Glory Road!

The Phillips Inn

Andover, Massachusetts

A quiet and restful spot to spend a night
or a month. The Moncrieff Cochran
Sanctuary, The Addison Gallery of
American Art, The Oliver Wendell
Holmes Library, and many other places
of interest are open to the guests of the
Inn. Reduced rates quoted on American
or European plan.

Booklet will be sent on request.

Compliments

of a

FRIEND

Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep

(Continued from Page 9)

Now you think I felt fine and had a marvelous day in the end, catching a lot of fish and going back "flushed and triumphant." Well, dear reader, you're wrong—horribly wrong. I received only temporary relief from my brief exercise and then proceeded to feel worse than ever, now with no means for relief. I went in and lay down on a berth to watch the ceiling slide dizzily back and forth for the remainder of the day. I had no interest in anything worldly or otherwise, but just lay there and suffered. As it turned out, it got rougher, began to rain, and nobody got any fish.

Finally we set in, and when my shaky but still workable pins touched *terra firma* back at the Fort Lauderdale dock, don't you think for a moment that I wasn't plenty, plenty glad.

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WALTHAM MASS.
OCT. 1939

